# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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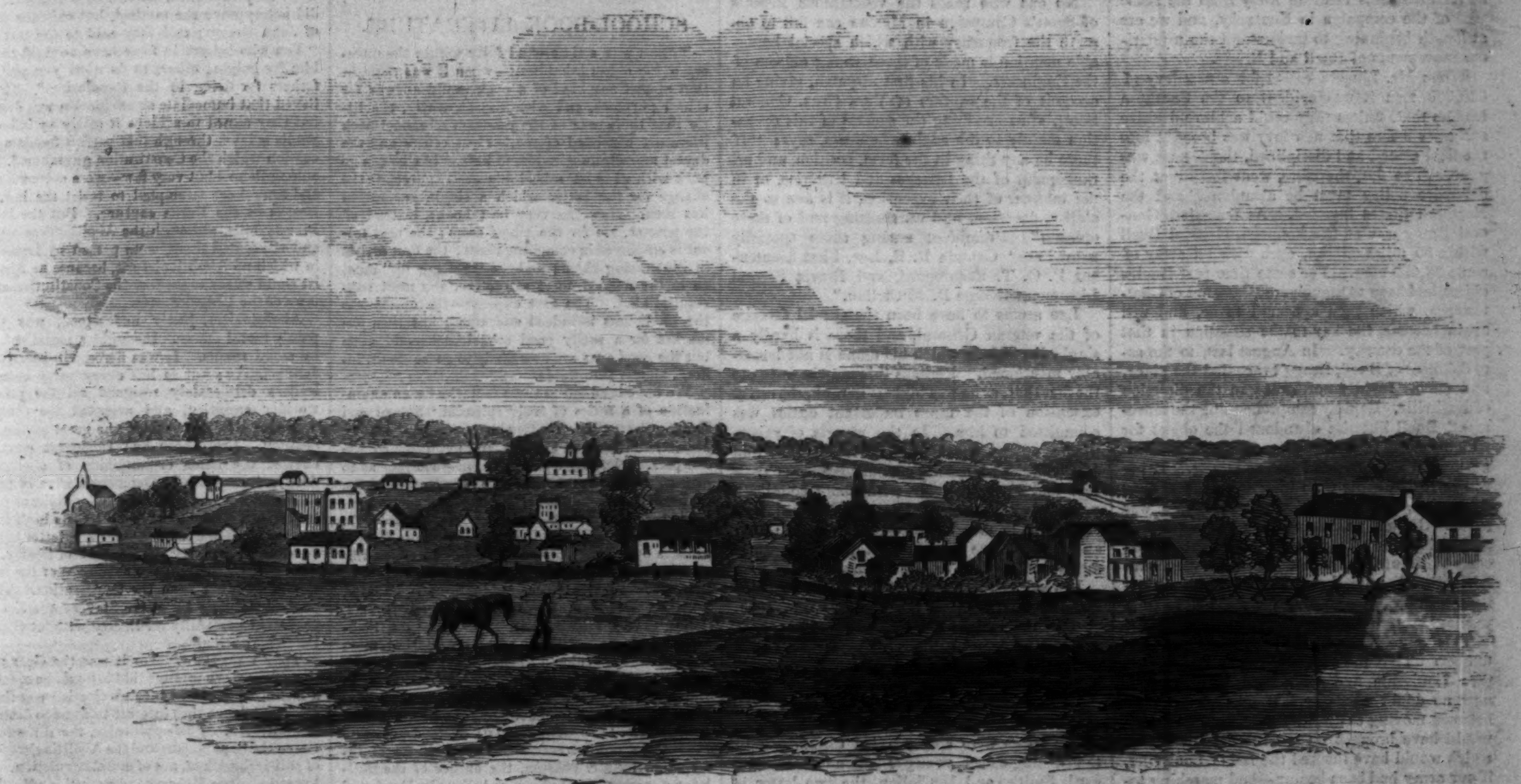
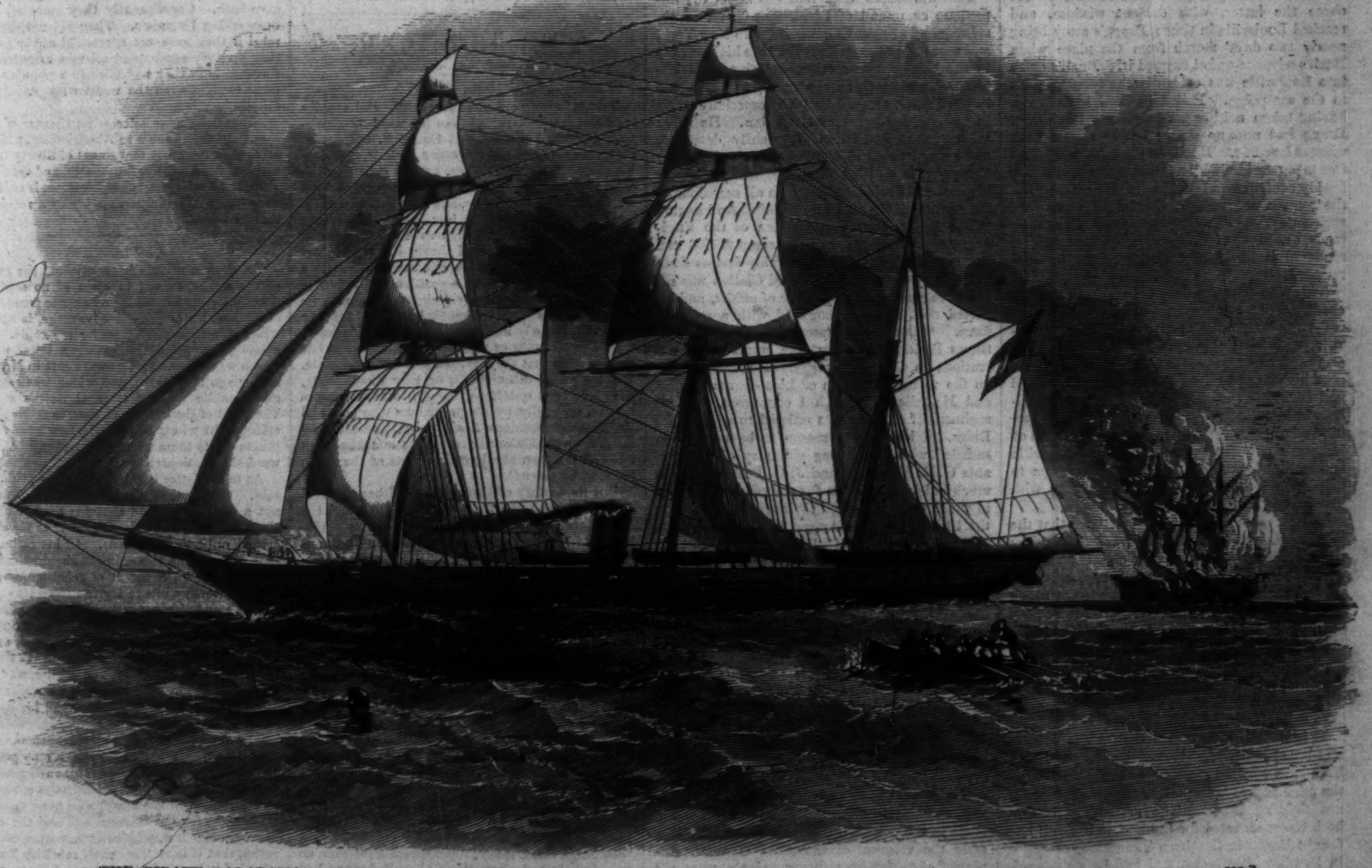


THE TOWN OF PERRYVILLE, KENTUCKY, SCENE OF THE RECENT BATTLE.—Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 695.]



THE PIRATE "ALABAMA," *ALIAS* "290," CERTIFIED TO BE CORRECT BY CAPTAIN HAGAR OF THE "BRILLIANT."—[See Pages 690 and 699.]

## THE PIRATE "ALABAMA."

This picture of this famous pirate, which will be found on the preceding page, has been attentively examined by Captain Hagar of the *Brilliant*, and pronounced correct. He has kindly given us the following certificate of the fact:

> I have seen the drawing of the *Alabama* which will appear in the next number of *Harper's Weekly*, and pronounce it a correct picture.
>
> George Hagar, Capt. of ship *Brilliant*.
>
> October 18, 1862.

No ship should sail out of port without this number of *Harper's Weekly*, in order that her captain may be able to recognize the pirate.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 1, 1862.

## THE REBEL ENTERPRISE IN KENTUCKY.

The smoke is clearing away from the scene of the campaign in Kentucky, and we are at length beginning to understand the mysterious movements of Buell and Bragg.

When Mr. Lincoln called for a new levy of [illegible]00,000 men it was evident to the Southern leaders that, unless they could achieve decisive successes before that new levy was brought into the field armed and disciplined, their cause was gone. The fiat, therefore, went forth that the defensive policy must be abandoned and the Northern States invaded. At that time General Bragg was at Chattanooga, General Buell within 20 miles of him, each with an army of some 35,000 men. For some time past Buell's object had been to manœuvre Bragg out of Chattanooga, which then appeared to be, and will again become, the key to the situation in that part of the country. In August last, to the astonishment of Buell, Bragg evacuated the place, and moved rapidly northward in the direction of Nashville. Rapidly comprehending the movement, Buell likewise abandoned the object for which he had so long contended, and marched northward on a parallel line to Bragg. Being nearer to Nashville than his enemy, he arrived there first, and the capital of Tennessee was saved. Bragg, perceiving that he was foiled, shifted his line of march to the eastward, and entered Kentucky, where John Morgan and Kirby Smith, with the armies of Eastern Tennessee, had been operating for some little time previous.

This was the situation at the middle of September. That the object of Bragg was to capture Louisville and Cincinnati there can be now no doubt whatever. Buell had to choose between moving eastwardly upon Bragg—which would have brought on a battle, the result of which would have insured the fall of Louisville, if our army had been beaten—and marching toward Louisville on a parallel line to his enemy, with the advantage which he had previously enjoyed on the march to Nashville, of being nearer the point they both wished to reach. He chose the latter, with evident wisdom, and reached Louisville in time: Bragg's army being nearly two days' march from the place when Buell's advance-guard entered it. Buell's entry into Louisville was evidently the turning-point in the campaign. Foiled in both his objects, having taken neither Nashville nor Louisville, Bragg had now no choice but to retreat back whence he came. Buell, on the other hand, was free to pursue him with a largely increased army, freshly equipped and supplied. He commenced the pursuit accordingly, dividing his army in such a way, and directing them to march by such roads as, in the opinion of competent judges, rendered it likely that Bragg might be surrounded.

This plan failed, owing, it is said, to the disobedience of a corps commander, who could not resist the temptation of giving battle, at Perryville, with his single corps, to the whole rebel army. The consequence was that Bragg made good his escape in the direction of Crab Orchard and Richmond. Buell, at latest dates, was following him close—about one day's journey behind; but the prospect was that, with the aid of Morgan's flying squadron, and other guerrilla bands, Bragg would make good his escape to and beyond the Cumberland Mountains, with his artillery and most of his stores.

Take it all in all, it must be admitted that the rebel enterprise in Kentucky has failed. Bragg has not succeeded in the great objects he had in view—the capture of Nashville or Louisville. He has not achieved the decisive success which the rebel leaders deemed it essential to achieve before our new levies were in the field. He has not wrested from us and permanently held any single point. He has overrun and plundered the finest region of Kentucky, but this will have no more influence upon the result of the war than the raids of the pirate "290."

It is a little remarkable that, while a large number of journals and politicians at the North have been reviling Buell for not fighting Bragg, the rebel papers are equally severe on Bragg for not fighting Buell. The probability is that both Generals acted for the best. If Buell had fought Bragg in Southern Tennessee, or again in Southern Kentucky, and had been defeated, Louisville and Kentucky would inevitably have been lost. And the forces of the two Generals were so nearly matched that no one can tell what might have been the issue of a battle. If Bragg had been routed in Southern Tennessee nothing could have saved Chattanooga, Rome, and Knoxville to the Confederacy.

The Richmond *Examiner* is especially severe on Bragg for being "too slow," and for allowing Buell so constantly to "outstrip him in the race." We think this may be fairly set against the oft-repeated complaints of our journals about Buell being "too slow." The fact is, that both Generals marched very fast indeed, but Buell having the shorter distance to run, won the race. And the practical result of the enterprise is, that the rebels have been, or are being, expelled from Kentucky, where they have left a record which will make them execrated for generations.

## LEE, BEAUREGARD, AND M'CLELLAN.

No one who reads the voluminous Reports of Scott's Campaign in Mexico can fail to observe the frequency with which special honorable mention is made of three young officers of the Engineers. In his first dispatch, giving an account of the capture of Vera Cruz, General Scott, after ascribing the success of this operation mainly to the engineer officers, says: "If there be any thing in the form, position, and arrangement of the trenches and batteries, or in the manner of their execution, it is due to the ability, devotion, and unremitting zeal of these officers." Prominent among those specially named are "Captain R. E. Lee, First Lieutenant P. G. T. Beauregard, and Brevet Second Lieutenant George B. M'Clellan."

Lee seems to have been the special favorite of the veteran General, and there is hardly a single dispatch in which his name is not honorably mentioned. Perhaps this may be owing to the fact that, as he was highest in rank, the direct execution of the more important duties was committed to him. In the reports of subordinate officers the names of Beauregard and M'Clellan, with special commendations of their zeal and ability, appear with about equal frequency. We have noted nearly thirty instances of honorable mention of each of their names; and that of Lee is found quite as frequently mentioned, mainly by Scott himself.

In reading the reports of the battles in Mexico, and remembering the positions now occupied by the various officers, some curious coincidences are found. Thus Magruder gives especial credit to Sumner, and Joseph E. Johnston is warm in his commendation of Reno. After the battle of Churubusco Major Loring reports to his immediate superior, Earl Van Dorn: "The Rifles were accompanied throughout by the distinguished young Lieutenants Beauregard, Smith, and M'Clellan, the two latter in command of a portion of the Engineer corps; all, I am happy to say, bore themselves with the greatest gallantry."

At Churubusco M'Clellan was under the immediate command of Lieutenant G. W. Smith, subsequently Street Commissioner in New York, and now one of the "Generals," the highest rank in the Confederate service, superior to Major-General, and nearly corresponding to "Marshal" in the French army. Smith is especially warm in his commendation of M'Clellan. He says: "Lieutenant M'Clellan, frequently detached, and several times in command of the Engineer Company, is entitled to the highest praises for his cool and daring gallantry on all occasions in the actions of the 19th and 20th." And again: "The Rifles, with Captain Lee of the Engineers, were reconnoitring the same works, and had gone to our right considerably further from the battery than we were." M'Clellan was directed to ascertain the posture of affairs, and reported that Lee was engaged with a superior force. "I ordered Lieutenant M'Clellan," continues Smith, "to report the result of his operations to General Twiggs. He did so, and on the recommendation of Lieutenants Stevens and M'Clellan, in which I concurred, the first regiment of artillery was ordered to support the Rifles. I have every reason to be more than satisfied with the daring gallantry of Lieutenants G. B. M'Clellan and J. G. Foster, and am much indebted to them for the efficient manner in which they performed their arduous duties on the 19th and 20th of August."

At Churubusco M'Clellan was also under the immediate command of Smith, who, in his report to Captain Mackall (the Confederate General Mackall, we suppose, who was killed near Corinth), says: "To Lieutenant G. B. M'Clellan, of the Engineer Company, I am indebted for most important services, both as an engineer and a company officer. His daring gallantry, always conspicuous, was never more clearly shown than on this occasion. Operating most of the time separately, I relied implicitly on his judgment in all matters where I was not present, and am happy to say that the result in every case justified his decisions."

The careful reader of the whole series of dispatches respecting the campaign in Mexico will come to the conclusion that the three men who, after the veteran commanding General, displayed the highest military talents were the three young officers of Engineers, Lee, Beauregard, and M'Clellan. Beauregard has not, on the whole, justified his early promise in as high a degree as the others; though it may be doubted whether the reason is not to be found in the jealousy of the Confederate authorities rather than in any want of capacity on his part. Lee and M'Clellan are now virtually at the head of the two armies of the North and the South, and by the almost unanimous consent of both sides they are the most capable men to fill these posts. So far as we can now judge, from the combined result of the whole series of operations in which they have been pitted against each other, M'Clellan has shown himself the superior. His campaign in the peninsula resulted unfavorably, it is true, but the unanimous verdict of the country is that this was owing to his plans being thwarted by men without any competent military knowledge. The success of his operations in Maryland, where he has had uncontrolled authority, vindicates the highest claim for military capacity which his friends have ever advanced for him.

## SCHOOL-BOOK LITERATURE.

There was a time—and fully within the memory of the oldest inhabitant—when it was thought that almost any kind of a book would answer for school purposes, and when, consequently, the little that there was of the pabulum of school-book literature consisted of the hardest crusts and the dryest morsels imaginable. Those only who can go back with us to *our* school-days, can appreciate the change for the better which a single generation has seen. Now the very best books, instead of the poorest, are for the school-room: the best talent is employed in compiling them; the best artists in illustrating them; and the "getting up" must be of the neatest, most attractive, and most substantial kind. The first expense—the outlay—to the publishers is indeed enormous; but then the market for a really good school-book—and none but the good ones are now likely to succeed—is, indeed, almost illimitable.

We have been led to these remarks by an examination of a series of truly splendid "School and Family Charts," twenty-two in number, prepared by Messrs. Willson and Calkins, and published by the Harpers. Nothing equal to them—whether as to attractiveness or adaptation—is in existence in the entire range of works for primary instruction, either in the Old World or in the New. The early numbers commence with Reading Lessons for beginners upon the "*object*" system—with type sufficiently large to be easily read twenty feet distant; then succeed charts of Elementary Sounds, Phonics, Writing, Drawing, Lines and Measures, Forms, Solids, Colors, Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, Fishes, Plants, etc., etc., the whole embracing more than *six hundred* colored illustrations! And though so costly in the getting up, and so beautiful as works of art, the low price at which they are sold—nine dollars for a complete set, mounted—places them within the reach of nearly every family and every school. An accompanying Manual of Instruction by Mr. Willson, the author of the well-known series of "School and Family Readers," gives the information and the directions for their use. Every family in which there are children to be educated, and every school, should have a set of these Charts and a copy of the Manual.

## THE LOUNGER.

### THE ABOLITIONISTS.

There is no word more frequently and angrily used and less understood than the word Abolitionist. President Lincoln and Daniel S. Dickinson, Governor Johnson and Governor Andrew, Thurlow Weed and Wendell Phillips, are all called by the same name. Of course there is but one point upon which all these men agree, and that is, a truly vigorous prosecution of the war. But that is not abolitionism. Emancipation as a means of war may be justified by all of them; but that is not abolitionism. The word Abolitionist designates a party in the country whose position and influence have never been correctly estimated, because its members have been too much hated to be fairly treated. Nobody has taken the trouble to know what they thought or what they proposed. It has been enough that they were said to be disunionists. What kind of disunionists, or why disunionists, have not been questions thought to be worth the asking, especially by the politicians who now call their late companions Abolitionists, because they insist upon the Union at every cost; and who think and call the open bloody disunionists of the South "erring brethren."

But the history of these times will have to deal differently with the facts, the influences, and the characters which are summarily classed as "Abolitionism." For merely to call the men known as Abolitionists a handful of fanatics, incendiaries, and agitators, explains them and their cause as much as Sydney Smith's sneering accounts of Methodism and the Methodists, or Hume's description of Cromwell and the Independents; but no more. It is certainly not very complimentary to the American people to say that a few bitter fanatics at the North called Abolitionists, and a few other fanatics at the South called Secessionists, plunged thirty millions of us into this tremendous civil war. If the individual James Otis had held his tongue would there have been no Revolution? If John Hampden had paid the ship-money would the Stuarts to-day be Kings of England? James Otis and John Hampden were but men who spoke for fundamental and decisive principles. When those ideas were in play those men were inevitable. If fifty Abolitionists and as many Secessionists had been hung, think many, there would have been no trouble. But do you think that if Luther had been hung there would have been no Reformation? In what conceivable way was Luther strong or successful but in being the mouth of those who believed as he did? Unless you could have hung the instinct of popular liberty in England in 1640, or the same instinct in America in 1770, you would have struck but one soldier of an army in striking Hampden or Otis. Unless you could kill Protestantism you might as well spare Luther. And unless you can hang abolitionism you will hang Abolitionists in vain.

Correctly speaking, the Abolitionists were, in our history, a body of persons who thought slavery wrong; who held that the Constitution favored it; and that as the system was sure to corrupt the whites as well as imbrute the blacks, there was no hope for either but in the change of the Constitution and the dissolution of the Union of which it was the bond. But they proposed that the change should be effected peacefully and legally, by common consent; and to that end they endeavored to show what they considered the ultimate danger and present wrong of the Constitution. This was their "agitation." They opposed violence of every kind. They were, many of them, non-resistants. They did not vote; for to vote was to acknowledge what they thought a wicked Constitution. They did not approve the method, but only the purpose of John Brown; and they said to the rest of us, "You who believe in force have no right to blame him for helping others to do what you praise our fathers for doing in the Revolution." They believed that immediate emancipation was desirable, but they aimed to achieve it solely by influencing public opinion through that perfect freedom of discussion which the Constitution guaranteed. Some among them—but very few—were more vehement, and sometimes attempted to resist the law, as in Boston at the Burns capture. But the Personal Liberty bills, although the Abolitionists approved and advocated them, were passed by Legislatures in which no Abolitionist sat, because no Abolitionist could swear to support the Constitution and the laws of the United States.

Abolitionism, justly understood, was thus a purely moral power. It sought a moral end solely by moral means. It was fierce, vituperative, and denunciative; but so has every party been. Its leaders deliberately resigned all the prizes of worldly ambition, and accepted the contumely heaped upon them by both the great parties in the country. Republican and Democrat equally eschewed the name or suspicion of abolitionism. And justly. For the Democrats were in political alliance with slavery, and the Republicans differed fundamentally from the Abolitionists in their interpretation of the Constitution. The latter held it to be a bond of slavery; the former of liberty. The Abolitionists thought the only hope of the country was in escaping from the Constitution. The Republicans believed that the Slavery question could be settled peacefully for liberty without change of the Constitution.

They were right. For it was the clear perception of the slave interest that it *would* be so settled—a fact of which Mr. Lincoln's election was the earnest—that drove that interest to arms to destroy the Constitution. Philosophically, the difference between the Republicans and the Abolitionists was one of political method, not of moral conviction. But in human affairs a difference of method is radical. The Republicans, therefore, neither decried the Constitution nor the Union. But they deplored the false interpretation of the one and the prostitution of the other. They believed that the people would yet save both. Consequently they were all of them unswerving Unionists. They did not threaten to rebel if they were not successful at the polls, and they severely condemned all who assented to such threats. For they had faith in a popular government to right even the worst wrongs. And their faith is justified.

There is no more interesting chapter of our history than that known as Abolitionism, which is an episode in the great movement of liberty upon this continent. To call it fanaticism, and consider that a final and satisfactory explanation, is as ludicrous as to define Washington simply as a rebel, or Luther as a heretic.

### OLD LETTERS.

To show a private letter without the authority of the writer, except in cases of no especial importance, or to establish and expose fraud, or some other purpose of general advantage, is something which people generally prefer not to do. But at a late party political meeting a letter was read which was written by General Scott to Mr. Seward a year ago last March, and which was confessedly made public without General Scott's authority. The point of the letter was, that, in General Scott's opinion, the wisest way for the new administration was to say to those who threatened to rebel, "Wayward sisters, depart in peace!"

As to the letter itself, there are two things to be said. One is that General Scott is a soldier and not a statesman; and that his advice, under the circumstances, was valuable solely so far as it concerned military operations. In his estimation at that time, if the Government should think fit not to surrender to a threat of rebellion, but should think it worth while to try to defend its existence, a young and able general, with 300,000 disciplined men, and $250,000,000, and with enormous waste of life and property, would be essential, and, after all, would do no good. General Scott's conviction in March, 1861, therefore, as a soldier, was that the Union could not be maintained by military force. Whether the General had changed his opinion in July, 1861, does not appear.

The second thing to be said upon the letter is that it by no means follows that a man's views are the same now that they were upon the eve of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration. Multitudes of the bravest and best men in the army, who have relinquished all to fight for the Government and the cause of liberty under law, who believe, with General Corcoran, that it is an "accursed rebellion," undoubtedly held the views that General Scott expresses at the time when he wrote the letter. General Corcoran himself was unquestionably of that opinion. But his earnest conviction now is that "none but representatives pledged to a vigorous prosecution of the war" should be sent to Congress. General John Cochrane made a famous speech at Richmond in the early spring of 1861. But General Cochrane, late in the autumn of the same year, declared for the most radical military measures against rebellion.

Suppose that some politician should now quote what General Corcoran probably said, and what General Cochrane certainly said, at about the time when General Scott's letter was written, as arguments for the surrender of the Government to the rebellion, would it not be a final and crushing reply to point to the acts and words of those men now? What General Scott thought and said before the rebellion can not be fairly quoted as counsel for surrender at this. The difference between Mr. Seymour, in whose behalf this letter was read by Mr. Van Buren, and such Democrats as Generals Corcoran and Cochrane, and Lew Wallace and M'Clernand, and, probably, M'Clellan, is, that although they hoped the rebellion might be avoided, when it came they knew no party, no cause, no hope, but its overwhelming suppression; while Mr. Seymour, who wished to surrender to it before it had struck a blow, now wishes to yield to it after it has slain unnumbered thousands of our best and bravest. But the national disgrace which the rebels could not effect, even with Mr. Seymour's assistance, before they fired at the flag, they are not likely to achieve, still with his assistance, merely because they are smeared all over with the blood of our brothers.

### A LUDICROUS APPREHENSION.

THE apprehension which a few people seriously felt, and which a great many politicians loudly avowed as to the effect of the President's Proclamation upon the army, was, in the nature of things, utterly groundless. If an army is besieging a city: if it has been before it for a year and a half: if it has encountered the enemy in the most sanguinary contests: if the hostility is intense and the enemy's conduct barbarous: does any sane man suppose that that army will become discontented and mutinous because it hears that the city has been mined, or that the enemy's supplies have been cut off, and that they have been summoned to surrender or to abide the consequences? What is the army there for? Is it not to compel by brute force the surrender of the enemy? Could a man be heard for the loud laughter of the camp, who should seriously ask whether it would not exasperate the enemy to mine their city and cut off their supplies? Is it supposed that people can be wounded, killed, and mangled by shot and shell without exasperation upon their part?

Yes, reply the objectors; but then you see it isn't constitutional.

What isn't constitutional? Is it constitutional to break the legs of rebels but not to kill them? Is it constitutional to march to subdue them, but not to make them pay the expense? Is it constitutional to fight them with Columbiads but not with Parrott guns? Is it constitutional to kill them with canister but not with grape? The constitutional way of making war upon rebels, and the sole constitutional way, is to strike them every where at once and with every means you can command. You may blockade them and cut off all their food and supplies. You may fight them in battle and slay until they yield or retreat. You may shell them from towns and forts and vessels. You may withdraw from their service as many men and hands as you can induce to leave them. You may destroy the aqueducts that carry water into their cities, and the trains that carry bread and salt. This is war. This is the argument of brute force. When the rebels invited war they invited this. They are having it, and so are we.

But if we see and feel this what do the soldiers feel? They who have seen their comrades gashed and torn and slaughtered; who have heard the taunts of the enemy in the faces of our dying; who have seen the rebels shooting our men as they carried water to their companions gasping in agony; who have found the carved bones of their friends and cronies in the camp of the rebels; and who know that this bloody effort to destroy the country, and to ruin all the safeguards of civil liberty, is made for no reason whatever but because the aristocratic class in the country would not submit to share the Government with the great mass of the people who are working men?

It was simply ludicrous to suppose that the soldiers would dislike a measure which not only strikes the rebellion in its weakest part, but is also the solution of the vital question from which the rebellion sprang, and an act of justice peculiarly fitting for Americans.

### A PLEA FOR HONORABLE DISCHARGE.

THERE is occasionally a plea for the release from service of certain familiar quotations upon the ground of utter exhaustion. They have done duty beyond all reason. They have grown foolish and flat. They are as appalling upon the page as bores are in society. Utterly superannuated and stale they should be gratefully dismissed.

There are certain phrases, likewise, which have done constant duty in this war for which common charity demands honorable discharge. They may really have been of service at some time, but that time is entirely past. The first phrase of the kind, and the longest in active service, is this: "The enemy greatly outnumbered us." This, it appears, has been the case wherever we have met them. So that the President upon being asked the actual number of the rebels answered, "About twelve hundred thousand;" and when the astounded inquirer incredulously repeated the figures and besought an explanation, the President replied, "Why, Sir, we have about four hundred thousand, and the reports after every engagement inform us that the enemy were three to our one; and three times four are twelve."

Indulgent dismissal is also earnestly entreated for the phrase, "We have completely surrounded the enemy, and they will be bagged." The thing, indeed, has never been done, but it is not from any want of activity upon the part of the phrase. That, indeed, had itself stoutly telegraphed from Virginia and from the West. It was not its fault if the facts did not correspond. *Tant pis pour les faits.* And still another phrase, "We are perfectly prepared to receive the enemy at all points." This is a most gallant and serene phrase. It takes charge of the entire line of the war east and west. Those rebel vermin, we constantly learn, are under our eyes. They think they are going to do a thing or two. Never fear. We have them in hand. We only want them to come on; for we are prepared at all points. To be sure they do come on. They ride entirely around us. They put Cincinnati, Louisville, Pennsylvania into (begging pardon of the fastidious!) the most awful "funk." They seize whatever they want. They take "the mayor and council, mount them on horses, and carry them off as prisoners." They burn and ravage and receive the surrender of quiet towns miles behind "all points" of our lines. They "will probably repeat in Gettysburg to-night their proceedings in Chambersburg." But our permanent telegraphic consolation is, not that General Somebody's forces "arrived at the crossing just as they (the rebels) had finished crossing," but that we are fully prepared at all points. That is an immense satisfaction. And we have been so fully prepared and waiting and watching, that the very phrase is exhausted and ought to have honorable discharge.

The constant rumors that the chief rebel generals were killed in every battle; that the foe is utterly routed; that the rebels are entirely demoralized; that they have nothing to eat nor wear, may all be true. But somehow the dead generals write reports, claim victories, and fight again. The routed foe skips all round us and hits us once more. The demoralized rebels do still shoot, and having nothing to eat or wear, their commissariat must needs be economical. Foolish old telegraph! if they are so wretched, shoeless, hatless, and breadless, why do we sit down on the Potomac and stare at them for a month and suddenly feel them in our rear? If they are utterly demoralized and destitute, the more shame to us that they are not long since forced to surrender.

A little public charity is respectfully requested for these fine phrases which have had their day, and have done as much service as any feather in a general's hat or gold lace upon his coat. They are fallen sick and indigent. They have no means of earning further support. They should be honorably discharged and pensioned, upon the sole condition that they will never try to return to service.

### THE HABEAS CORPUS.

THE right of personal liberty is equally sacred with the right of life. Its careful defense is the foundation of free government. Its universal recognition is the mark of progressive civilization. The writ of *habeas corpus* is thus the great bulwark of civil society. Its suspension is a matter so solemn and important as to require especial record; and the eyes of a free people watch nothing more jealously than the inviolability of that writ.

When our Constitution was framed the possibility of the necessary suspension of the writ under extreme circumstances occurred to the Convention. In Mr. Pinckney's original draft of a plan of government, which was the ground-work of the present Constitution, he proposed (May 28, 1787): "Nor shall the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* ever be suspended, except in cases of rebellion and invasion." On the 20th of August he submitted certain propositions for the Committee of Detail. Among them was this: "The privileges and benefit of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall be enjoyed in this Government in the most expeditious and ample manner, and shall not be suspended by the Legislature except upon the most urgent and pressing occasions, and for a limited time, not exceeding —— months." In the final consideration of the clause, upon the 28th of August, he urged the sanctity of the writ in the strongest terms, and moved that it should not be suspended but on the most urgent occasions, and then for a time not exceeding twelve months. Mr. Rutledge thought it ought to be absolutely inviolate—that its suspension could never be necessary. Then Mr. Gouverneur Morris moved the clause as it now stands: "The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended unless where, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it."

So jealous was the Convention of the sanctity of the writ that it agreed to the first part of the clause as far as the word "unless," unanimously. But three out of the ten voting States (the Carolinas and Georgia!) voted against the latter part.

Thus the privilege of suspension is granted in terms. But the power by which it shall be suspended is not specified. In Mr. Pinckney's original draft the clause occurs in the sixth article defining and limiting the powers of the Legislature. And this particular paragraph is as follows: "The Legislature of the United States shall pass no law on the subject of religion; nor touching or abridging the liberty of the press; nor shall the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*," etc. as already quoted. So in the subsequent proposition to the Committee of Detail, it is expressly stated, "shall not be suspended by the Legislature," etc. And in the Constitution as adopted, the suspension of the writ is provided for in the ninth section, which limits the power of Congress.

Thus the context of the Constitution, the English tradition, where Parliament suspends, and the whole spirit of our Government, give the power of suspension to Congress. It certainly does not reside in any Secretary more than in a Secretary's clerk, unless it may be exercised by every officer of the Government, and by every body who chooses, at his own risk. Yet in the great emergency which threatened the President at the outbreak of the rebellion, compelled by the eminent peril of the country, he rightfully and wisely assumed a power which was clearly granted, but whose exercise was not expressly assigned to any other authority. Yet he should then have instantly summoned Congress, fresh from the people, to confirm the suspension and to define precisely the conditions under which, and the authority by which, the power should henceforth be exercised.

That was not done, but it should be the first duty of the coming session. For it is, beyond all question, the universal and profound conviction of the country that the suspension of the writ is an act so grave, although strictly constitutional, that only the extreme and urgent peril of the state can justify it: and then by the people as their representatives shall decree.

### THE POSTAGE CURRENCY.

SINCE we are of those who have called attention to what seemed to be a repudiation by the Government of certain contracts in the shape of post-office stamps, it is only fair to say that the postmaster of New York has published an explanation of the general order of the department to the effect that only stamps so defaced that it is impossible to decide whether they have been used to pay postage or not will be rejected. The result of the order practically will be that the utterly defaced stamps will not be taken as change. But the true remedy of the difficulty is the adequate supply of paper-change until the silver can be released from the vaults, boxes, and old stockings into which it has betaken itself.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG lady of eighteen was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirits for some time, inquired the reason. "Oh dear, mamma," replied the young lady, "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age." "That's very true; but he's only thirty-six." "He's only thirty-six now, dear mamma; but when I'm sixty—" "Well?" "Oh dear! why, then he'll be *a hundred and twenty!*"

"The only way to look at a lady's faults," exclaimed a supergallant, "is to shut your eyes."

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.—A treasure of a husband—carries the baby. A treasure of a wife—never asks for money. A treasure of a son—has money in the funds. A treasure of a daughter—looks the same age as her mother; if any thing, a trifle older. A treasure of a servant—runs to the post in less than half an hour. A treasure of a cook—is not hysterical whenever there is company to dinner. A treasure of a baby—doesn't disturb his dear papa in the middle of the night.

A SCOTCH MINISTER "DONE."—In common with the rest of the world, Dr. M——, an eminent Church of Scotland divine, lately visited the International Exhibition. Shortly after his arrival in the metropolis an Irishman came running to him in the street, crying, "Och, blessins on ye, Docther M——! How are yez?" "I'm very well," replied the Doctor, rather dryly. "And when did yez come to London?" "Last week; but how do you come to know me?" "Give me a shilling and I'll tell yez." The Doctor, curious to know how the fellow found his name out, gave him the shilling, and was answered by the Irishman, "Sure then and I saw your name on your umbrella."

### CONVERSATION.

Conversation is but carving;
Give no more to every guest
Than he's able to digest.
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time;
Carve to all but just enough,
Let them neither starve nor stuff;
And, that you may have your due,
Let some neighbor carve for you.

A young lady, on returning from school in England to her home in the East, wrote to her friends, "In Egypt I saw Cleopatra's needle, but I thought very little of it, I assure you, after having seen the sewing-machine in London."

One of our city bakers has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a pound loaf only weighs twelve ounces.

What female recluse is that whose name, read backward and forward, is the same?—*Nun.* What lady-like designation is that which is spelled backward and forward the same?—*Madam.* What time is that which spelled backward and forward is the same?—*Noon.* What portion of a young lady's dress is that which spelled backward and forward is the same?—*Bib.*

A village shop-keeper, on entering his shop one morning, found his boy Bobby attempting to throw all sorts of somersets, and kicking up as great a rumpus as a seal in a tub. "What are you about?" he inquired, looking astonished at the wild evolutions of the boy. "Obligin' Martha, Sir," replied the almost exhausted youth. "She's writ me a letter, and at the bottom of the page says, 'Turn over and oblige,' and I've been going it for mor'n half an hour."

The pompous epitaph of a close-fisted citizen closed with the following passage of Scripture: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "Dat may be so," soliloquized Sambo, "but when dat man died de Lord didn't owe 'im a red cent."

### WANTED TO KNOW.

If the teeth of a storm ever bite; and if so, is lightning the result?
If a good view is to be had from the top of the morning?
If the man who did not know what to do ever got a job?
If a bald-headed man can be said to be hair-brained?
If one man is not as good as any other man?

"A gent" tapped a school-boy on the shoulder, and asked him "What he had got behind him?" to which the boy answered, "*A fool!*"

DEACON DAY.—There was a deacon of a church of the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sabbath morning he heard a number of boys who were playing in front of his house, and he went out to check the Sabbath profanation. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them, "Boys, do you remember what day this is?" "Yes, Sir," replied one of the boys, "Deacon Day, the cooper."

To make lager-bier the following new recipe is given: Take a barrel and fill it with rain-water, put in one pair of old boots, a head of last fall's cabbage, two short sixes, a sprig of wormwood, and a little yeast. Keep it for a year, and then "dish out."

Bachelors are a much-abused class of persons; but Quilp says it is much better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh yourself because you are.

A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog for barking intolerably. "Why," exclaimed an Irishman, "would you beat the poor dumb animal for *spaking out!*"

IMMEASURABLE WAIST.—A correspondent writes to ask how much the waste of time measures round.

THE RIGHT THING IN THE WRONG PLACE.—A love-letter written on a mourning sheet of paper.

The man who was "overflowing with the milk of human kindness" kept the cream for his own use.

The new pill just introduced is an infallible remedy for melancholy. It is made up of fun and fresh air, in equal proportions, and is to be taken with cold water three times a day.

An editor says the only reason why his house was not blown away during the late gale was because there was a heavy mortgage upon it.

A young lady in the city says the reason she carries a parasol is that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she can not withstand his glances.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### RECONNOISSANCES ON THE POTOMAC.

ON 16th October, at 6 A.M., General Humphreys's division crossed at Blackford's ford and advanced on Sheperdstown, supported by General Porter's division. About the same time a portion of Sumner's corps, consisting of part of General Richardson's and General Sedgewick's divisions, under command of General Hancock, advanced from Bolivar Heights along the road to Charlestown, and met the enemy's pickets in force, supported by a battery, near Halltown, driving them with artillery in, and following them up toward Charlestown, which place our troops occupied at noon. On 17th, the object of the reconnoissances having been accomplished, the armies returned. The party under General Humphreys was followed by rebel cavalry and artillery to within a short distance of Sheperdstown, and one of our men was killed and six wounded. We captured a number of prisoners, and it is understood that the rebels had between forty and fifty men killed and wounded while disputing our advance.

### THE CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY.

No more battles have taken place in Kentucky. General Bragg is retreating toward the Cumberland Mountains, and General Buell is following him. The distance between the two armies is said to be 17 miles. Bragg has passed through Crab Orchard.

### MORGAN AT LEXINGTON.

Morgan, with fifteen hundred guerrillas, captured Lexington on 18th, after a sharp fight with a small force of National cavalry stationed there. He did not stay long, however, but took the Versailles turnpike, on which, between Versailles and Frankfort, he was suddenly met by about 2500 of General Dumont's cavalry and routed after a short fight—his forces being scattered. It is supposed that he will endeavor to unite his scattered forces with Humphrey Marshall.

### AFFAIRS AT NASHVILLE.

The following correspondence is published:

THE DEMAND.

HEAD-QUARTERS FORCES BEFORE NASHVILLE,
LAVERGNE, TENN., *September*, 1862.

*To Brigadier-General Negley, Commanding Forces at Nashville:*

SIR,—Having strongly invested your position, we demand an immediate unconditional surrender of the city.

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL S. R. ANDERSON,
Commanding Forces Before Nashville.
JAMES A. PAUL, A. A. A. G.

GENERAL NEGLEY'S REPLY.

HEAD-QUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,
NASHVILLE, *September* 28, 1862.

SIR,—General Negley is prepared and determined to hold his position.

JAS. A. LAWRIE, Captain and A. A. G.

No attack was made by the rebels, and General Negley finding them in some force at Lavergne, fifteen miles from the city, attacked them there and defeated them.

### THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

The latest returns of the Pennsylvania election indicate that fifteen Union Congressmen are elected. The State ticket is still in doubt, but the chances are in favor of the Democrats. The Legislature will have a Democratic House and a Republican Senate, with a Democratic majority on joint ballot.

The Democrats have carried Ohio, and probably Indiana. Iowa sends six Republicans to Congress. Among the members "dropped" are Vallandigham, Pettit, G. A. Grow of Pennsylvania, Bingham of Ohio, Hickman of Pennsylvania, etc.

### NO DRAFT IN DELAWARE.

It appears by the following order from the War Department that little Delaware has raised her quota of troops:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, D.C., *Oct.* 10, 1862.

Ordered, That, whereas the full quota of the State of Delaware of volunteers and militia, called for by the President on the 2d day of July, 1862, has, under authority of this Department, been raised by volunteers, the order for a draft of militia from the State of Delaware is revoked and annulled. By order of THE PRESIDENT.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

There will be no draft in Illinois. In New York a draft will take place on 10th November.

### GENERAL JEFFERSON C. DAVIS RELEASED.

General Jefferson C. Davis, on 14th, received an order from the War Department releasing him from the arrest under which he has hitherto been confined since killing Nelson, and, in military phrase, "enlarging his limits." There are good reasons for believing that General Davis will be at the head of his command in the field again before long. He appeared on the streets the same afternoon, for the first time since Nelson's death.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

### THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S emancipation proclamation has been received in England. The London *Times* considers the State paper to be a "political concession to the Abolitionist wing of the Republican party." The writer says that "when the Union existed" the Constitution did not confer the right to abolish slavery either on the President alone or on the President and Congress. Emancipation, it is said, is "a thunder-bolt placed in President Lincoln's hands to destroy the whole social organization of the South at a blow." The London *Times* thinks that the President has no power to enforce "his decree," as "the North must conquer every square mile of the South before it can make the proclamation of more effect than mere waste paper."

### THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

A meeting of working men was lately held at Staleybridge, England, having for its object "the promotion of the recognition of the Confederate States of North America as an independent nationality," by petitioning the Queen and Parliament of England. The mayor of the town presided over the organization. Mr. Mason having been invited to offer his opinion on the subject, did so by letter. After recapitulating the secession arguments, Mr. Mason declares that the "separation from the United States is final and forever," and that "in no possible contingency—even could the war be continued to their extermination—can they (the Southern States) ever be restored to the repudiated Union." The speakers endeavored to pass a resolution declaring that the sufferings of the British operatives were caused by the action of the Union Government in continuing to make war on the rebels; but the tradesmen and spinners present at once rejected the proposition, and resolved that their misery was produced "by the existence of a rebellion against the American Constitution."

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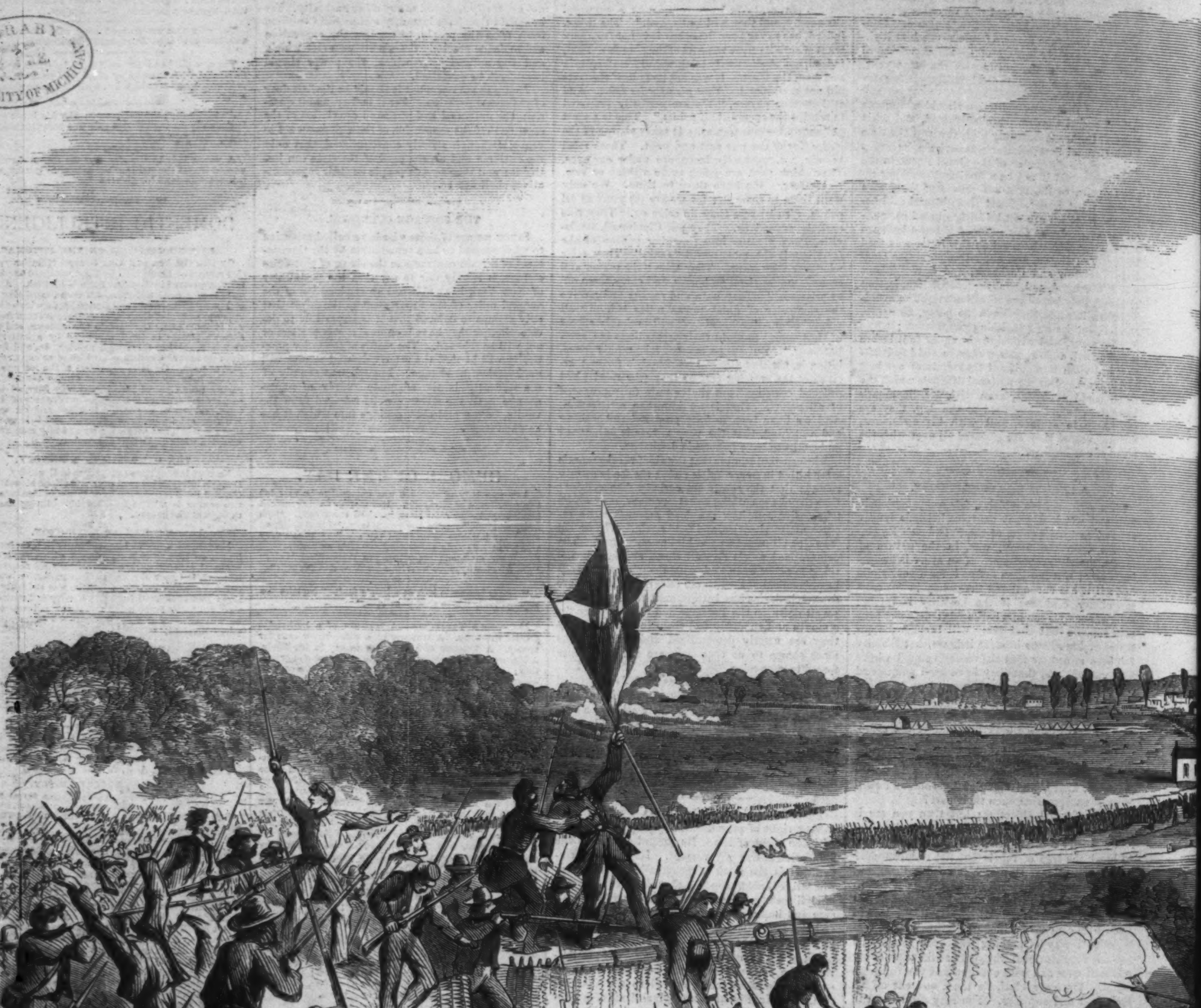
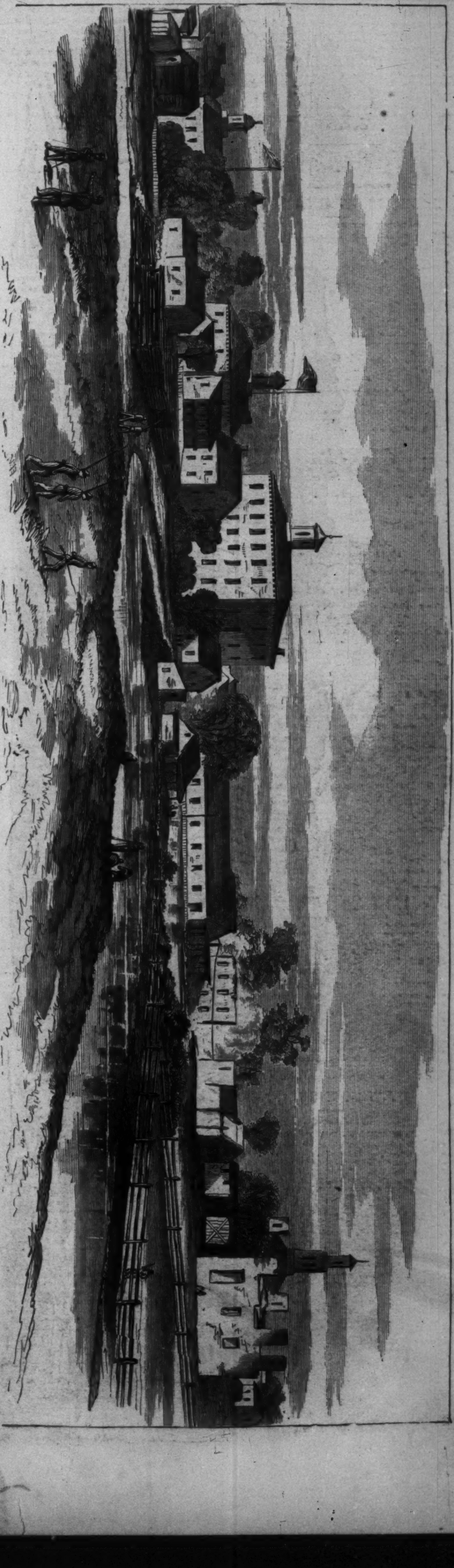
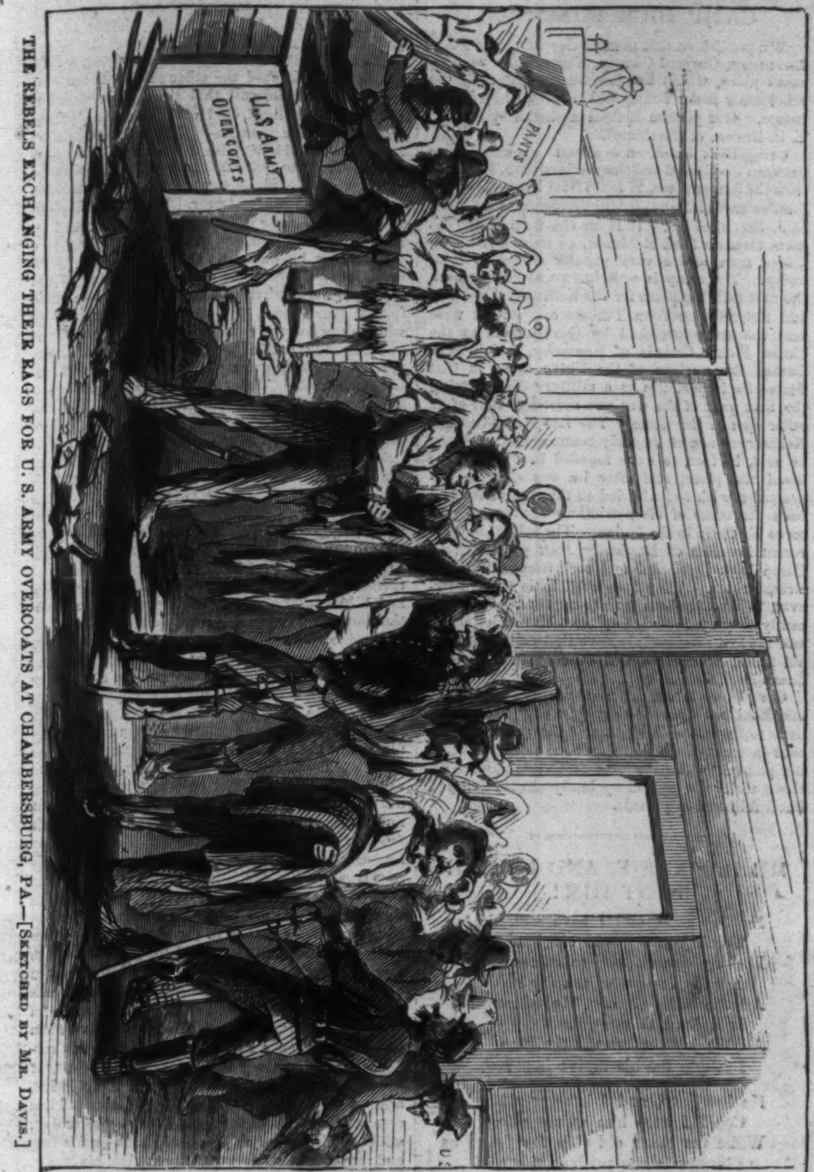


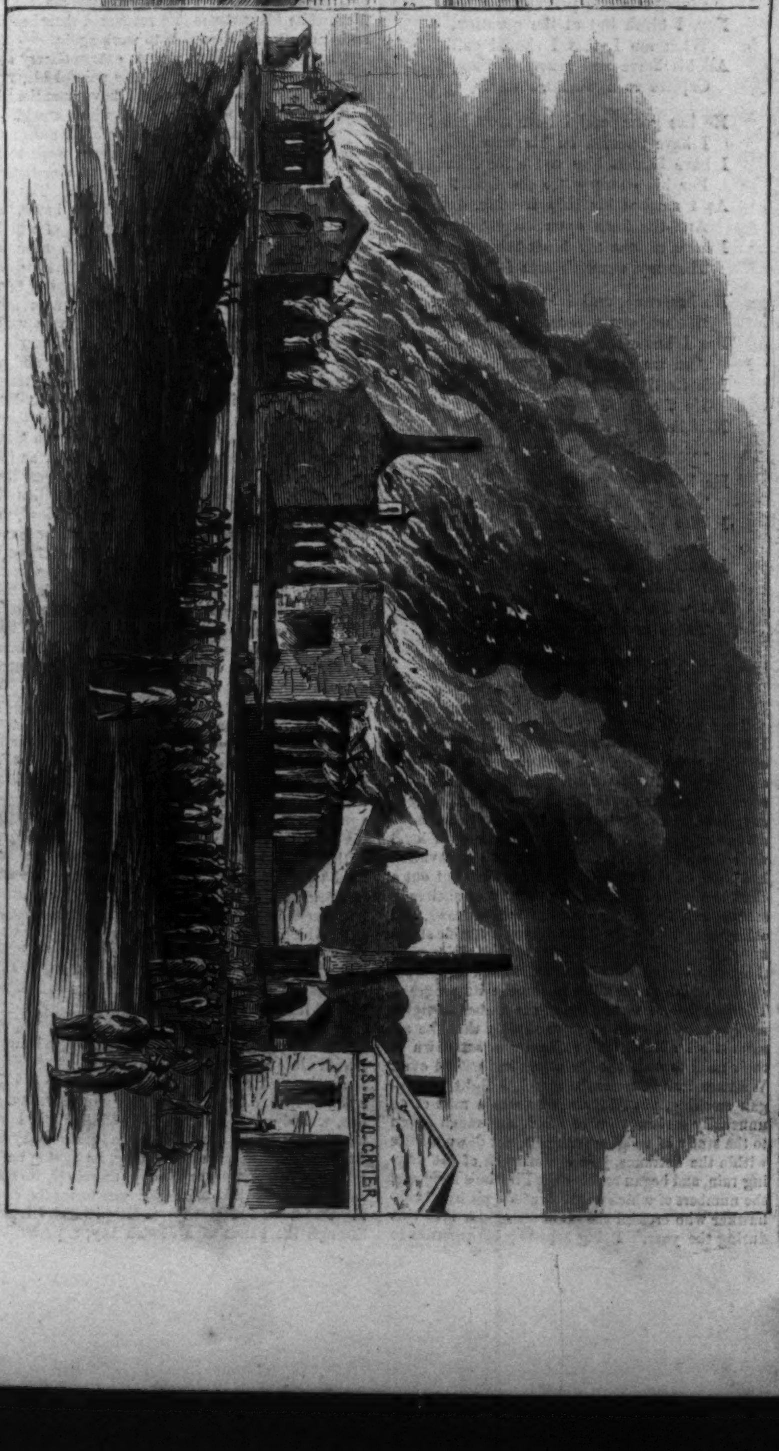
THE BATTLE OF CORINTH, FOUGHT OCTOBER 4, 1862—THE STRUGGLE OVER ROBINETT'S



THE REBEL FORAY IN PENNSYLVANIA—GENERAL VIEW OF CHAMBERSBURG.—Sketched by Mr. Davis.—[See Page 698.]



THE REBELS EXCHANGING THEIR RAGS FOR U. S. ARMY OVERCOATS AT CHAMBERSBURG, PA.—[Sketched by Mr. Davis.]



BURNING THE ENGINE HOUSE AND MACHINE SHOPS AT CHAMBERSBURG, PA.—Sketched by Mr. Davis.—[See Page 698.]

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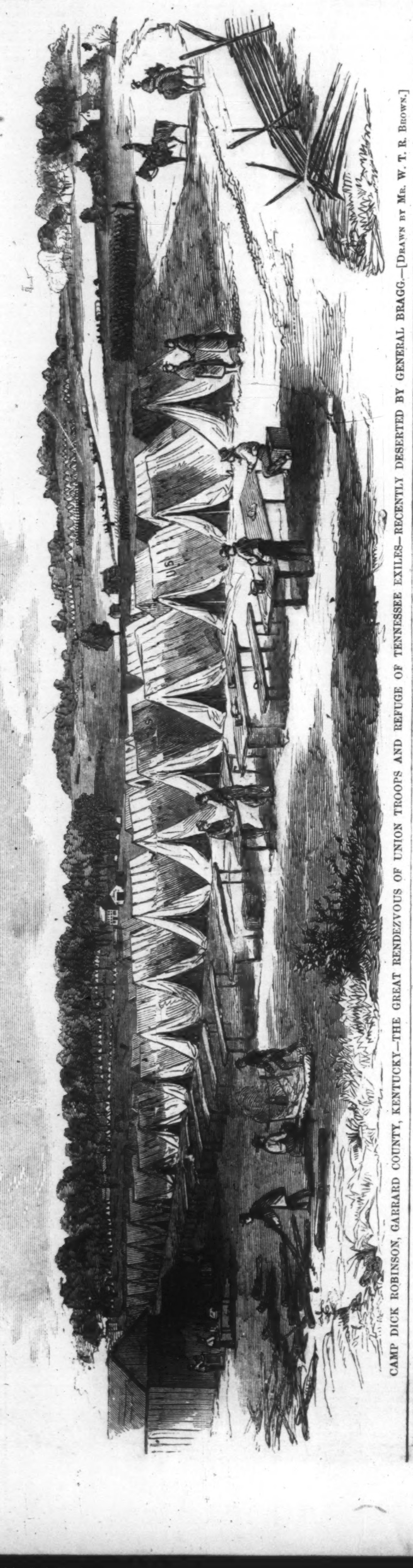


CAMP DICK ROBINSON, GARRARD COUNTY, KENTUCKY—THE GREAT RENDEZVOUS OF UNION TROOPS AND REFUGE OF TENNESSEE EXILES—RECENTLY DESERTED BY GENERAL BRAGG.—[Drawn by Mr. W. T. R. Brown.]

## CAMP DICK ROBINSON.

We publish on this page a view of Camp Dick Robinson, Garrard County, Kentucky, a very famous place, which has just been vacated by the rebel army under Bragg and reoccupied by Union troops. Our picture is from a sketch by Mr. W. T. R. Brown, of Cincinnati.

Camp Dick Robinson is situate about midway between Cincinnati and Cumberland Gap, 126 miles from the former place, 27 miles from Lexington, and 8 miles east of Danville, the residence of the Rev. R. J. Breckinridge. It is on the farm of the famous Captain Dick Robinson, an uncompromising Union man, and a very popular citizen of Kentucky. The camp is well known as having been the first rallying-place for the Kentucky Unionists and the refugees from Tennessee. Hither were sent the arms furnished by Government to the Union Home Guards of Kentucky, which have formed the nucleus of the Union army in that State; its importance as a military dépôt during the first year of the war was second to that of no other spot in the State. The late Major-General Nelson was one of its early commanders; he may be said, in fact, to have founded it. He always loved the place, and after he was shot he expressed a wish to be buried on the spot which had been the scene of his patriotic endeavors to preserve his State in the Union. The rebels, in their recent invasion of Kentucky, took possession of Camp Dick Robinson, and rechristened it Camp Breckinridge. They found but little there, however, to reward them for the capture. Quite recently they evacuated the place with precipitation, and the loyal residents believe that no flag but the old Stars and Stripes will ever again float over Camp Dick Robinson.

Our picture is taken from the southwest. Captain Robinson's house is seen just over the tents, a little to the left of the centre of the picture. The road in front of the house, passing to the right of the picture, is the turnpike to Cumberland Gap, along which Bragg's army lately skedaddled and Buell followed in pursuit.

## HE HAS GONE, AND I HAVE SENT HIM!

He has gone, and I have sent him!
Think you I would bid him stay,
Leaving, craven-like, to others
All the burden of the day?
All the burden? nay, the triumph!
Is it hard to understand
All the joy that thrills the hero
Battling for his native land?

He has gone, and I have sent him!
Could I keep him at my side
While the brave old ship that bears us
Plunges in the perilous tide?
Nay, I blush but at the question,
What am I, that I should chill
All his brave and generous promptings
Captive to a woman's will?

He has gone, and I have sent him!
I have buckled on his sword,
I have bidden him strike for Freedom,
For his country, for the Lord!
As I marked his lofty bearing,
And the flush upon his cheek,
I have caught my heart rebelling
That my woman's arm is weak.

He has gone, and I have sent him!
Not without a thought of pain,
For I know the war's dread chances,
And we may not meet again.
Life itself is but a lending,
He that gave perchance may take;
If it be so, I will bear it
Meekly for my country's sake.

He has gone, and I have sent him!
This henceforward be my pride,
I have given my cherished darling
Freely to the righteous side.
I, with all a mother's weakness,
Hold him now without a flaw;
Yet when he returns I'll hail him
Twice as noble as before.

## BURIED ALIVE.

Thomas Whitmead, Joseph Anscombe, and Henry Aldham lived at Stratford, in the county of Wiltshire, in England, and worked a chalk-pit on Salisbury Plain for their joint benefit. This so-called pit was in the form of a crescent, the excavation having been begun at the foot of a large mound, so that the entrance should be on a level with the adjoining plain. After the excavation had been carried on for some time, they cut out a chamber in the chalk for the purpose of shelter in storms, and for holding tools, wheel-barrows, and other things. On the 16th of April a terrific storm arose, the wind blowing with peculiar violence on this plain, owing to its great extent and the few obstacles which exist there to impede its progress. The rain fell in torrents, and the flashes of lightning succeeded each other so rapidly that the air seemed all ablaze. The three men sat down in their nook to wait till the storm had passed over. Whitmead and Anscombe struck a light and began smoking, but Aldham, who was a man of an unusually serious turn of mind, and much given to the study of religious subjects, sat down a little within the entrance, just out of reach of the driving rain, and began reading the Pilgrim's Progress, the numbers of which were left at the pit by a book-hawker who crossed the plain at regular intervals during the year. Being asked by his partners to read aloud, he commenced with the account of Christian's journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The exciting character of the narrative, combined with the awe inspired by the raging storm, caused the other two to listen with such breathless interest that their pipes were forgotten and the light died out. Just as Aldham was reading the passage—"The flames would be reaching toward him; also, he heard doleful voices and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, he stopped and began to muse what he had best to do"—a more furious blast came, the howling and roaring of which drowned the reader's voice, and almost overpowered the sound of the falling of a large fir-tree, several of which grew within a few paces of the top of the cave. This tree fell over the entrance, and its matted roots tore up a large portion of the earth which formed the roof of the cavern, and to this circumstance the two men were probably indebted for their escape from instant suffocation from the consequence of what followed almost immediately afterward. They were still trembling from the fright when the lightning descended upon the fallen tree, tearing it into fragments, and from thence passed into the earth, rending it, and causing the chalk to fall into the cavern where they had sheltered themselves, and burying them therein. Anscombe and Whitmead being at the bottom of the excavation happened to be under that part of the surface from which the earth had been torn up by the roots of the tree, and were able to breathe with tolerable facility, though unable to extricate themselves from the mass of chalk which surrounded them; their position being still further aggravated by the rain which, continuing to pour without slackening for some time, trickled through the mass and streamed down their faces and saturated them to the skin. After a night passed in this position, during which they could hear the groans of their unfortunate companion, they were rescued by their fellow-villagers without other injuries than a few bruises of no importance. As for poor Aldham his case was much worse. Having been seated near the entrance of the cave, under the roof from which no portion of the earth had been removed, he had been completely buried in the chalk, the pressure being to some extent increased by the body of the tree. To the circumstance that chalk fractures in pieces and not in powder it was owing that he was dug out alive; had it been earth he must have been stifled. Though, however, he was yet alive when he was placed on a hurdle and carried to his cottage, he received such severe internal injuries that the doctor, who had been sent for in anticipation, after a very brief examination, pronounced his case hopeless. Still he lingered on day after day, with the shadow of the hand of death on his face and the point of his dart pressing against his breast. Meanwhile his partners had recovered their health and strength and were able to work again.

I have now to relate a very extraordinary occurrence which forms part of this painful history. The three men whose names I have mentioned, with ten others, formed a club, which combined for numerous beneficial purposes. Their meetings were held on a certain evening every week in a little house in a garden belonging to a maltster, who was one of the members of the club. The entrance to this garden was through his house, or through a door opening into the fields, of which each member had a key. On the fifth evening after the accident they were assembled as usual. Some of them were smoking, and had jugs of beer before them, but all were unusually grave and silent, for Whitmead and Anscombe, who were present, had called on their suffering partner on their way down and found him speechless and at the point of death. While they were sitting thus, expecting every instant to hear the passing-bell tell of his soul's departure, the figure of their friend, with no clothing except a shirt upon him, appeared in the room. It looked about for an instant, and then sat down in a vacant chair near the door. Not doubting that it was the apparition of their friend, and not a being of flesh and blood, no one dared to speak. The figure sat still for some minutes without speaking, quite regardless of every thing around, then repeating in a low monotonous tone, "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning," it rose, glided noiselessly from the room, and disappeared through the door opening into the fields. It is not known, nor is it possible to form an idea with any certainty, how many minutes elapsed before any of those present had so far recovered their self-possession as to open the door and look out; but when they did, the figure was not visible, though they could see for some distance along the path leading in the direction of Aldham's house. After exchanging a few remarks, Whitmead, Anscombe, and another, named Jennings, agreed to go to their friend's house and ascertain his condition; but before they returned the tolling of the church bell informed those who remained behind that Aldham had ceased to exist. The information which the three brought back, was, that Aldham had died at twenty minutes past six o'clock; upon which one of the party averred that this was the very time when the figure entered the room, as he had his watch in his hand at the moment for the purpose of showing his neighbor the time—an assertion which his neighbor confirmed.

The narrative of Jacob Hirzig, a Jew, who was buried alive in a poisoned well.

In the year 5108, which in the European calendar is 1348, a Jewish physician named Balavignus, who dwelt at Thonon, near Chillon, not having the fear of the Most Holy One before his eyes, did, under the influence of torture, he having been racked several times, and being, moreover, threatened with other and more grievous torments, confess that he had received from Rabbi Jacob Hirzig, through the hands of a Jewish boy, a packet of poison, which he was directed to throw into the principal wells of the town in which he lived, which injunction he had obeyed. This pretended confession, which he made in the madness caused by intense suffering, was afterward read over to him, and he was made to swear to its truth on the Law. Subsequently, while still insane, he confessed, or was said to have confessed, that he had thrown a portion of the poison into a certain well, and that he had concealed another portion tied up in a piece of rag beneath the stones on the brink. Being taken to this well, and compelled to search among the stones, he, in the presence of the magistrate and other of the municipal authorities, drew out a piece of rag, which on being opened was found to contain a red and black powder mingled together. The mob of Christians then present did thereupon seize a certain renegade Jew, who had departed from the religion of his forefathers, and forcing the magistrate to put a small quantity of the powder into a vessel, they filled it with water and compelled the Jew to swallow it, who was immediately smitten with death and died in great agony within an hour—a most just punishment for his former apostasy. As for Balavignus he was taken back to prison, and subsequently put to death with great cruelty.

On the day following the said discovery of the poison, in the evening, being the eve of the Sabbath, and my wife, Esther, having just kindled the lights, according to the custom of our people, the magistrate of the town of Chillon, attended by his officers, rode up to the door of my dwelling, dismounted, and entered therein. They first seized me, and then bound my arms together behind my back with great cruelty, so that the blood forced its way beneath my nails and dropped from the ends of my fingers to the ground. They next searched every corner of my house, trying by blows and threats to make my wife and daughter, Rebecca, reveal the secret hiding-place in which I kept my poisons. My heart was rent at the sight of the sufferings and indignities they were made to undergo, but I was powerless to help them, and I could only beseech them to bear patiently the trials to which they were subjected. After searching every part of my house, and finding nothing of what they were in search, I was dragged away to prison. The next day the magistrate and other officials came to me in my cell, and read to me the confession of Balavignus, concerning which they put to me many questions. I denied that I had sent any poison to him, or had ever thought of so doing, or that I had ever heard any of our people even speak of such a thing. Finding that I continued firm in my denial, and that I was prepared to swear on the Five Books of Moses that I knew nothing of any plot for poisoning the wells, I was ordered to be racked till I should be tortured into making confession of a falsehood. Four times were my limbs torn asunder by that hellish invention, till I could feel no longer, after which I was left for eleven days on the floor of my dungeon undisturbed. On the twelfth day I was taken from prison to the place of execution, to witness the murder of my countryman, Solomon Chomer, a man of wonderful knowledge, and greatly learned in the philosophy of the Egyptians aud Chaldeans. He, too, had been sentenced to die for the same crime with which I was charged, and I was placed near him to be a witness of his sufferings. Together we called on the God of our forefathers for fortitude, and, verily, the patience with which he bore the cruel tortures to which he was subjected could only have been born of insensibility. He was stretched on a wheel, and after his arms and legs had been broken in sundry places by the bar of the executioner, he was unbound and laid on the ground, his body folded back on his legs so that his head rested on his heels. He was again questioned touching the crime with which he was charged, but he gave no answer; whereupon he was laid on the wood which had been prepared for the purpose, the fire was kindled, and his spirit rose with the smoke which ascended from the pile.

I was being taken back to prison, my heart quaking with fear at the doom that was before me, when one cried "Let us not suffer this Jew to escape us," and another, "Let us throw him in the well he poisoned for us." Then there was a great cry, and much tumult, and I was taken from the officers and dragged to a well outside the town in which the poison had been found and hurled therein—the body of the apostate Jew, which had lain there unburied, being cast down upon me. The water reached above my shoulders when I stood upon my feet, and I was forced to stand on the tips of my toes to keep my mouth above water. Standing thus, with my flesh torn, bruised, and bleeding, I heard the planks laid across the top of the well, and stones thrown on these, and then all was silent, and I was left to die an agonizing death. After a while I felt that my feet were sinking deeper in the sand and gravel, and I had to cling to the sides of the well to keep myself from instant death.

I had been in this position several hours when I heard a noise above me as though one were removing the stones, then a voice, which was that of my wife, Esther, calling my name. My heart leaped within me at the sound of her voice, and I answered joyfully, upon which she bade me be of good cheer. Presently she called again, and told me to tie the rope she was letting down about my body. I had much difficulty in doing this, because I was forced to loosen my hold and suffer myself to sink below the water till it forced itself beneath my eyelids. I succeeded at last in tying the cord tightly beneath my armpits, and was then drawn up to the well's mouth, and laid on the grass by my beloved wife and daughter. While I was slowly recovering the use of my limbs, which had been much weakened by the torments I had undergone, they occupied themselves in restoring the planks and stones to their places. When this had been done, we left the spot while it was yet dark, and I hid myself in a tree in a wood near my house, to which place Rebecca brought me food. Our escape to Poland was accomplished with great difficulty and much suffering.

## WHO MOST NEED OUR PITY?

OH! pity those whose lifeless hearts
Have never known a patriot's thrill;
Who, though they have a mind and will,
Lack courage now to act their parts.

Yes, pity them! for where the power
To rouse those feelings that remain,
If *Liberty* has called in vain
In this their Country's needful hour?

They can not feel (who stand aloof)
That glow of noble, inborn pride
For which men barter all beside,
And give the world their loyal proof.

Yes, pity them! the thronged Broadway,
Where selfishness and fashion meet—
The very stones beneath their feet
Might boast of hearts as well as they.

## SOLDIERS' DEAD-LETTERS.

"WHY not write Dead Soldiers' Letters at once?" says a voice at my elbow.

Only out of respect to the old logical rule requiring the perfect definition of a class to embrace all the individuals composing it. It is a sad truth that too many of these missives that have been wandering about in the mail-bags are the letters, and the last letters—the last written expression of thought or wish—of men who have dared to die for their country. Many of these rough-looking, soiled, and torn envelopes now lying in the Dead-letter Office, after a fruitless journey in search of friends to read their contents, are filled with strange tales of blood and battle, or breathe sentiments that should stir the very soul of patriotism, and fire the heart and nerve the arm of every man who perils his life in the cause of his country's honor. Outside, it is a shapeless and uninviting mass of worn and crumpled envelopes, soiled with the dust and smoke of every camp and battle-field on the continent; within, are the thoughts, wishes, last words, and dying prayers of those who have offered their own lives to save the life of the nation.

Up to the last of August soldiers' letters, written from camps or head-quarters, and containing no valuable inclosure, when returned from the local post-offices to the Dead-letter Office because they were "not called for," have been destroyed, because they could not, like ordinary letters, be returned to the writers. Armies are always upon the move, and the ten or twelve weeks that must expire between the date of a soldier's letter in camp and its return to Washington as a "dead-letter" render any attempt to place it again in the hands of the writer as impossible as it is useless. The Department having once sent the letter to its place of destination, and advertised it there, has no legal authority to incur further trouble or expense in the matter. Hence the practice that obtained in the opening-room of the Dead-letter Office, of throwing into the waste-basket all "dead-letters" containing no valuable inclosure, which had been written by soldiers from camps or head-quarters. As the war progressed and great battles were fought, consecrating in history such names as Pea Ridge, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Fair Oaks, and Malvern Hill, and marking the boundaries of each field of bloody strife with the tumuli of buried heroes, it came to be noticed that many of the soldiers' letters, written upon the eve or at the close of these fierce struggles for a nation's life, contained matter of the gravest interest to the friends and relatives at home. Some of these lost missives, containing the words of father, brother, son, or husband, who had gone down in the storm of battle, or survived to tell the fate of other martyrs in the holy cause, and which had failed in the first effort to place them in the hands of the persons addressed, were rightly conceived to be of as much importance to the soldiers' friends as the letter inclosing a part of his pay to the wife and little ones at home.

The subject having attracted the attention of Mr. Zevely, the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, who has charge of the Dead-letter Office, and whose hand is as open as his heart is warm in the cause of aiding the soldier in the field and his family at home, he at once determined to have this class of dead-letters examined by a competent clerk, and all that were likely to be of interest or importance again forwarded to the post-offices originally addressed. As the law authorized no additional expense for such an enterprise, one of the clerks volunteered to perform the work out of office-hours; and so a second effort is being made to get these soldiers' letters into the hands of their friends.

An interview with the clerk who spends his evenings and mornings in this work brought me to a knowledge of the enterprise, and I write this sketch with the purpose of bringing the matter to public notice, and thus to aid in getting these lost letters into the hands of those for whom they were intended.

I learn from the gentleman who has charge of the work that four or five hundred letters a day of this class come into the Dead-letter Office. As they are opened, all soldiers' letters containing no valuable inclosure are placed in his hands, and after office-hours he proceeds to examine them, and select such as can be again sent to the local post-offices with some prospect of reaching the parties addressed. Each letter thus re-sent is entered upon a blank form addressed to the postmaster, and charging him to use "all diligence to secure its delivery." This form contains not only the name of the person addressed on the envelope, but the name of the writer and of the place where the letter was dated. This schedule, or catalogue of letters, is to be conspicuously posted for one month, and any letters upon it that are not delivered in that time are to be returned to the Dead-letter Office at Washington, to be destroyed. The whole thing is a work of grace on the part of the Postmaster-General, there being no charge made for the second transportation of the letters or their delivery at the local post-offices. This being the case, it is proper to add, for the benefit of the Department, and to save people from unnecessary trouble, that it is quite useless to address inquiries to any one in the General Post-office respecting letters of this description. No record is kept of them, and those not re-sent are immediately destroyed. Any one looking for such a letter, known to have been advertised at a local post-office and returned as "dead" to Washington, should watch the posted catalogue of "Soldiers' Letters," which, for the smaller offices, is forwarded at the close of each month, and once a week or fortnight to the large city offices.

With a proper care not to violate the confidence and privacy peculiarly strict in this office, I have been allowed to notice the character of some of these letters. Here is one written by T. F. H., Lieutenant-Colonel Fifth Ohio Cavalry, and very fully and carefully directed, yet it has failed to reach its destination; and lest a second effort should prove as fruitless as the first, I am permitted to make an extract, in the hope that it may reach the eyes of the bereaved parents. The letter is written from Zanesville, Ohio, under date of May 27th, and addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Baleyville, near Minneapolis, Minnesota, and reads thus:

FRIENDS,—On the evening of Monday, April 7, 1862, about five o'clock, after my regiment had been halted in its pursuit of the fleeing hordes of rebels, I rode slowly around the field, meditating on the result of that bloody action [Shiloh], and observing the effect of the "bolts of war" on the dead bodies which covered the ground. Various were the attitudes and expressions of the fallen heroes: yet as I rode along one smooth-faced lad, whose features were lit up by a smile, so attracted and riveted my attention as to cause me to dismount and examine him. His uniform was neat as an old soldier's, his buttons polished, his person clean, his hair well combed, lying squarely on his back, his face toward the enemy, his wounds in front, from which the last life-drops were slowly ebbing, his hands crossed on his breast, and a peaceful, heavenly smile resting on his marble features. I almost envied his fate as I thought,

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
* * * * * * *
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
Lo! Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

I asked the by-standers who that lad was. No one could tell. Hoping to find some mark on his clothing by which I could distinguish him, I unbuttoned his roundabout, and in the breast pocket found a *Bible*, on the fly-leaf of which was an inscription by his mother to "John Elliott." In the same pocket was a letter from his mother, and one he had written to his uncle, both dabbled with blood. Pleased with getting these data from which to trace his family, I determined to preserve the Bible and letters and send them to you. I have since regretted that I did not examine all his pockets and save whatever may have been in them; but my time was short, and I felt that the Bible he had so faithfully carried would be treasure enough for you, and in the hurry of the moment I did not think to look for any thing else. His remains received decent sepulture that night, and he now sleeps in a soldier's grave.

And now, my dear friends, I would have written to you weeks ago, but was long sick in camp, was sent to Ohio low with fever, and am but just able to begin to sit up.

You have doubtless wept over your dead boy. No human sympathy could assuage your grief. Yet He who guides and governs the universe of man and matter, I doubt not, has thrown around you "everlasting arms," and supported your faint, bereft, and bleeding hearts.

After a while, when time shall have healed the wounds that war has inflicted, it will be a heritage of glory for you to reflect that your boy died in the cause of human rights and to save the life of a great nation; and you can with righteous pride boast that he fell in the thickest of the fight, with dead rebels all around him, his face to the foe, and in the "very forefront of the battle."

He died a young hero and martyr in the holy cause of freedom, and Elijah riding up the heavens in a chariot of fire had not a prouder entrance to the Celestial City than your boy. Let your hearts rejoice that there is one more waiting to welcome you back to the "shining shore."

Here is a brief extract from the letter of a surgeon on the Peninsula to a friend at home:

Almost the first one I came to was our poor little friend Dick, the bright-eyed but pale-faced drummer boy, who broke from the warm embrace of his mother and rushed into the wild storm of war at the first call to arms. He was still alive, and able to speak in a low voice. I raised his head and gave him some water. He smiled his thanks, and said, "Doctor, tell mother I wasn't afraid to die. Tell brother Jimmy he can have my pony; and Sis can have all my books; and they mustn't cry about me, for I think I have done right. And take the drum to them; and bury this little flag with me—and that's all!" And that was all; and a moment afterward the spirit of the young hero went up to heaven.

Here is a letter from a wife to her husband in the Peninsular army. It arrived too late, and is on its way back to the writer, with the simple indorsement on the envelope, by an officer of his regiment: "Was killed yesterday in the battle of Malvern Hill."

These are a few examples of what may be found in the "Soldiers' Dead-letters;" and if local postmasters will manifest the same disposition exhibited in the action of the Department at Washington, thousands of these lost epistles will find their way to the rightful owners, and serve to comfort and console many a bereaved and breaking heart.

## THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

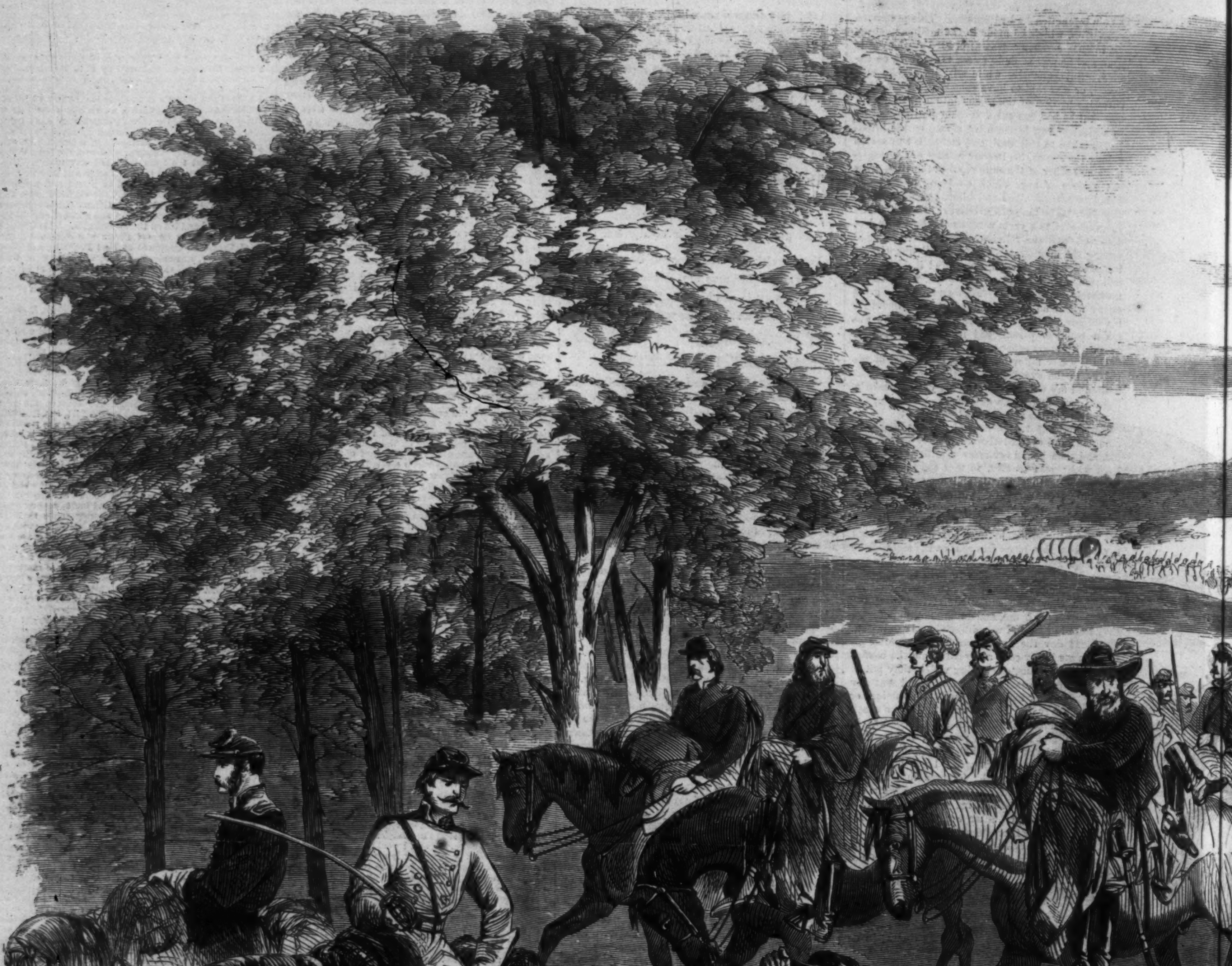
ON page 689 we give a picture of the little town of PERRYVILLE, KENTUCKY, where M'Cook fought the rebel army on 8th; and on page 700 a picture of THE BATTLE; both from sketches by our special artist, Mr. H. Mosler. Perryville is a small place of about 500 inhabitants. It is now entirely evacuated by the residents, and several of the houses have been destroyed by the shells. Of the battle a *Times* correspondent gives the following account:

When M'Cook and Rousseau appeared before the town they found the immense forces of the enemy most advantageously posted to meet them. The rebels were posted on a long range of hills, extending in a crescent form from north to west, the termini of the crescent being almost due north and due west, with its inner centre precisely northwest. This semicircular range of hills formed their advance, and on these hills the rebel generals exhorted their soldiers to dye their colors deep in the blood of the enemy rather than surrender them. These hills are about a mile and a half from Perryville. Behind this range of hills, and between them and the Big Spring, there are two other high hills, along the left base of which is a corn-field, and along the right base the tortuous course of the Spring, to the right of which is the extensive and finely-shaded woodland forming their camping grounds. Running off through the corn-field, and angling a little south of west, beyond the western terminus of the advance crescent, there is a strong stone fence, behind which the enemy posted a part of the infantry. Under the brow of the semicircular range of hills the rebel batteries were placed in admirable position, sustained by their infantry—who could fire with destructive effect, and then screen themselves behind the hills and among the grass and weeds. In front of the enemy's right there is a narrow valley of meadow-land, after descending which you come into a skirt-woods. Facing the enemy's centre there was a corn-field, which extended, a little broken, for several hundred yards back to the woods. Facing the stone fence is a stretch of waste land, gently sloping parallel with the fence to the woods. Behind the fence there is heavy timber. The rebels were commanded by their chosen and favorite generals. Bragg was on the field in person, and assumed general command. Buckner led the centre, Hardee the right, and Polk the left wing. General Cheatham had the reserve, while General Brown and a host of other Brigadiers cheered and led on their commands. This General Brown is the same *Colonel* Brown who commanded the Third Tennessee Regiment at Fort Donelson, and who, with Buckner, surrendered, and served a term at Fort Warren. Since his exchange he has received a Brigadier-General's commission. He is, I believe, a nephew of Niel S. Brown, of Tennessee. So much for the position of the enemy. Now let us look at our own.

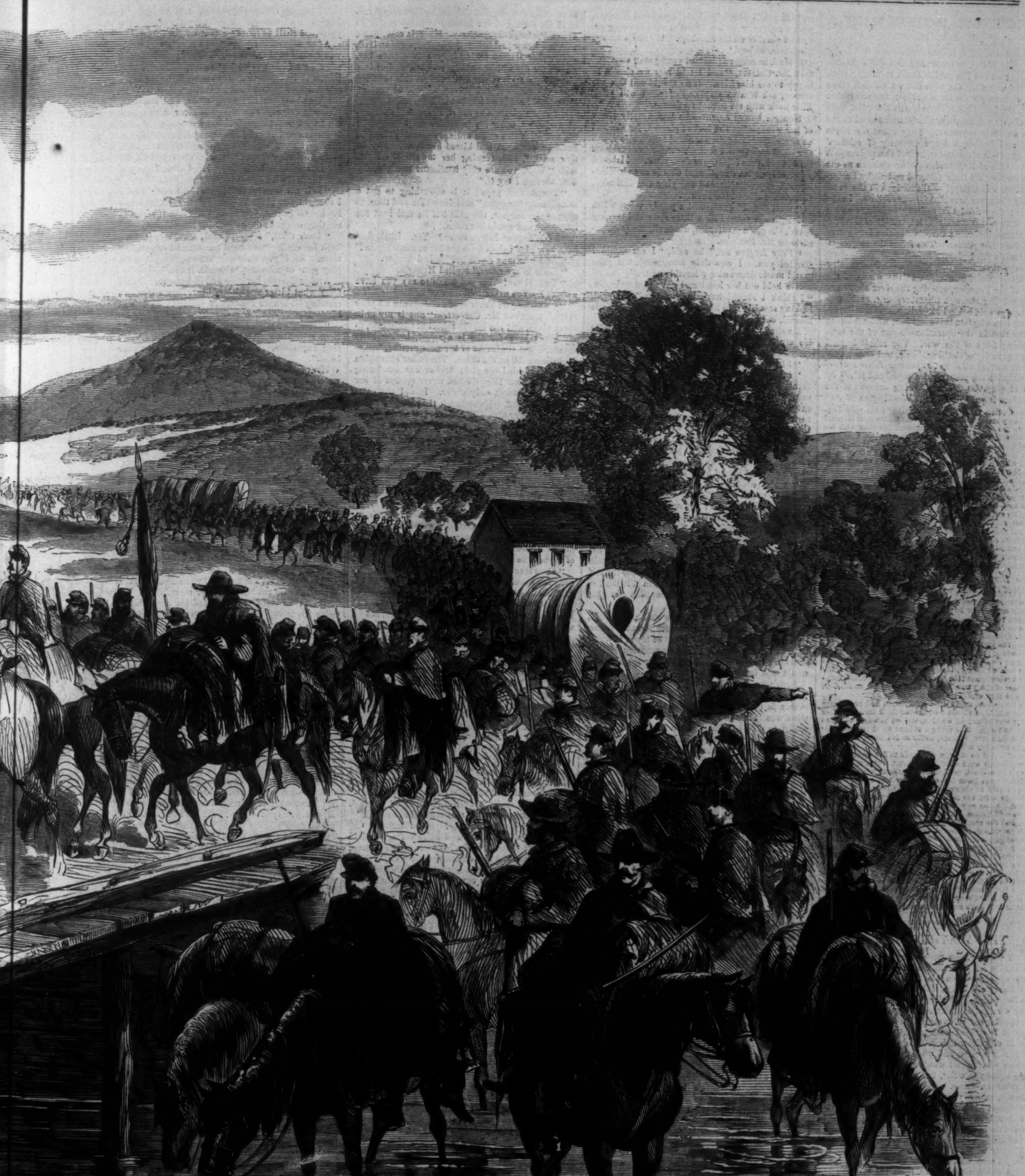
The approach of Gilbert's Corps, with M'Cook, Rosseau, and Mitchell, was well known to the rebels. Our men had made forced marches through heat and dust, over a rough road, and through a country utterly destitute of water. Their arrival in the morning was hailed by a shell from the enemy's battery. Notwithstanding the formidable array before us, and notwithstanding the advantages of position the enemy had, our men prepared for action. Harris's battery was planted on our left, Loomis's on the right, with Parson's and Simonton's between the two. M'Cook was chief in command on the field, and Rousseau second. General Jackson, with his brigade, was posted on the left, Rousseau in the centre, while the right was led by General Mitchell. We opened upon the rebels at 1 o'clock P.M., on the 8th. The most sanguinary battle of the war commenced. The enemy opened all their batteries upon us. Soon the whole rebel artillery let their guns loose upon us. The hills shook to their base, as one livid sheet of flame poured across them. Shell would whiz through the air, fall at the point of their aim and burst, dealing death all around. Solid shot went screaming across the field, cutting great gaps through the ranks. Mingling with the terrific roar of cannon, now the shrill hiss of grape and canister, thinning out the troops—literally mowing them down, and piling them in mangled swaths over the field and across the hills. Next come the crash of musketry, quick, loud, and incessant. The noise of these guns blended with that of the artillery in tumultuous roar. Never, perhaps, was there a battle fought at so short a range, and never were fires so murderous and destructive. The battle commenced at 1 o'clock and had reached its height at 3. For an hour now it was a succession of advances and repulses, first one side advancing and then falling back before their infuriated pursuers. On the right a desperate attempt was made to flank the reinforcing columns of M'Cook, which was for a time partially successful, some of the new regiments wavering and staggering under the galling cross-fires poured upon them. The scene was terrific. Dense smoke rolled all over the field, while the hills were literally enveloped in sheets of fire. The thunder of cannon and the crash of musketry can be compared to nothing I have ever heard. The simultaneous falling and splitting of a thousand forest trees might perhaps be *something* like it.

Harris's Battery which, as stated, was posted on our right, poured grape and canister into the ranks of the advancing rebels, and literally paved the slope with their dead bodies. Yet, on and on came these fierce rebels, over heaps of dead of their own, to within forty yards of that death-dealing battery. Again and again would they recoil with decimated ranks from the terrible machines of death. Determined yet to take that battery, they charged down the slope and through the hollow, diagonally across, from toward the centre, and there one of the regiments supporting it fell into confusion. Still the battery maintained its ground, right in the face of fearful odds; and again the rebels were driven back with fearful slaughter. Parson's Battery, to the right of Harris's, in the mean time had been dealing destruction in the ranks of the foe. The enemy, in overwhelming numbers, and with determined exasperation, closed in upon this battery and succeeded in capturing it. They subsequently spiked the guns and cut the wagon-wheels to pieces. In taking this battery the rebels lost fearfully, our men fighting like heroes against their superior advance. In the early part of the action, General James S. Jackson was killed. He was coolly giving some order on the left. He and General Rousseau had been in conversation. Rousseau turned toward the centre, and Jackson deliberately lighted a cigar; just as he had lighted it, a ball from the enemy struck him, killing him almost instantly. Jackson was a member of the National Congress from the Second District of Kentucky. He resigned his seat to draw his sword for Constitutional liberty. The nation mourns no truer patriot; the army no braver soldier. About this time, also, Colonel Terrell, one of the bravest and most skillful officers of the service, fell mortally wounded, while engaged in pointing a battery under fire of the enemy. The First Wisconsin, Colonel Starkweather, had engaged the First Tennessee rebel regiment on the left, and warm work was going on. The ground was sharply and gallantly contested for hours, with apparently no decisive results, the fire of the First Wisconsin thinning the ranks of the enemy at every round.

The Twenty-third Indiana, toward the centre, covered itself with honors. Their flag was planted near the centre of the field, and the regiment was raked by the crescent-shaped batteries and cross-fires from the rebels. Their ammunition gave out, and they heroically threw themselves upon their faces, the balls of the enemy passing over them in a perfect shower. This regiment suffered severely, one-third of its men being killed or disabled. Their flag was riddled into strings and shreds, and its staff splintered by the enemy's bullets. Yet they kept it waving, and preserve its torn fragments as a memorial of their bravery upon that bloody day. M'Cook and Rousseau both pronounced this a much more hotly-contested fight, and the fires much severer than they were at any time at Shiloh. The Twenty-third Indiana was now happily relieved. Further to the right the immortal Tenth Ohio, of the Seventeenth Brigade, under Colonel Lytle, who was Acting Brigadier, stood their ground firmly for hours in a perfect rain-storm of shot and shell. At length their leader, the high-souled and heroic Lytle, fell dangerously wounded. The Tenth Ohio was now withdrawn. The battery of Captain Loomis, which had all day piled the enemy in heaps, was now threatened by the enemy, who were throwing their dense columns forward with a view of surrounding and capturing it. The battery was withdrawn toward the wood, but continued to hurl its leaden death-messages at the enemy. A part of Gilbert's command now came superbly into action on the left, driving the enemy before them, though suffering heavily from the fire poured upon them from the stone fence. General Webster was in the mean time killed, as was also Colonel Jouett, of the Fifteenth Kentucky. The first advantage gained by the enemy in the centre was by one of those acts of perfidy which they have never been slow to exhibit. A rebel Colonel, with National uniform on, advanced along to the centre, where the brave Indianians were exposed, and shouted, "Hurrah for the old Hoosier boys!" He was met as a comrade, and by deception the rebels were permitted to advance to within a few yards of our men. A most unexpected and murderous fire was poured upon us from two sides, without our regiment even returning it. The Indiana boys were of course stunned and thrown into temporary confusion. The battle having raged fiercely now for five hours, and the men being exhausted with slaughter, just as night began to conceal the field of death and of blood, the combatants ceased their awful work. Our troops fell back a short distance under cover of the woods, worn and exhausted with their hot day's work. A portion of the rebels held possession of the larger part of the battle-field. We had but twelve thousand troops on the field, which contended with the combined rebel forces, fully forty thousand strong.



THE REBEL RAID INTO PENNSYLVANIA—STUART'S CAVALRY ON THEIR WAY TO TH



THE POTOMAC.—Sketched near Poolesville, Maryland, by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 698.]

## THE REBEL RAID IN MARYLAND.

ON pages 696 and 697 we reproduce a sketch, by Mr. A. R. Waud, representing STUART'S REBEL CAVALRY on the Poolesville Road, returning from their recent raid. On page 693 we publish three more pictures on the same subject, from sketches by Mr. Davis. One of these shows the quiet little town of CHAMBERSBURG, which surrendered to the rebels on their approach. They spent the night there, and finding a large quantity of soldiers' clothing in one of the stores, helped themselves to it freely. One of Mr. Davis's pictures shows us the rebels casting off their tattered and filthy butternut attire, and equipping themselves in the comfortable costumes provided for our soldiers. In the morning they fired the railway buildings and a large store-house containing a quantity of Government stores, including the ammunition lately captured from Longstreet. This forms the subject of Mr. Davis's third picture.

This rebel raid—during which some 2000 cavalry completely "circumnavigated" the whole of the army of the Potomac, crossing the river above our right, passing through Chambersburg, making a complete circuit behind M'Clellan, and finally returning into Virginia below our left, without losing a dozen men in the operation—is one of the most surprising feats of the war. The rebels bagged a large quantity of clothing, boots, and arms; they likewise carried off some 500 horses. Some authorities estimate the property destroyed and seized by them at $800,000. The following account of the marauders is published in the Washington *Star*:

> A man who arrived here this morning from near Conrad's Ferry states that he was in the presence of General Stuart a few minutes before he crossed the river with his marauding force in retreat from Pennsylvania. Stuart informed him, in a sarcastic manner, he had fooled the whole party, but regretted he had not accomplished what was intended when he started, as he was expected to reach Frederick, Maryland, destroying the Government stores at that point, then destroying the bridge over the Monocacy river; but that all things taken into consideration, he had carried out his programme with much success. Stuart's men and horses looked extremely exhausted, but the former were in high glee, and from the looks of the clothing on their horses, and that which they had on their persons, and that which they had tied on their extra stolen horses, which numbered about 1000, a change would be very acceptable, especially shoes and boots, of which they had a large quantity. General Stuart sent his compliments to a number of United States officers with whom he was acquainted in old times.

The *Herald* correspondent at Frederick thus speaks of their escape:

> The termination of the rebel cavalry raid did not result in their capture, or any considerable portion of them, as had been hoped.
>
> The cavalry force under General Pleasanton, which passed through this city at daylight on Sunday morning, reached the vicinity of Poolesville a short time before the main body of the rebels. Both men and horses had had a very hard jaunt, the men having been in the saddle and on the road almost constantly from the time the fact of the rebels having crossed the river became known, consequently neither of them were in condition to render as efficient service as they otherwise might.
>
> The rebels soon made their appearance, and posted one gun on a hill, so placed as to cover their passage. Our battery was placed in position, and an attempt made to silence this gun. The firing was kept up at intervals for about three hours, without, as far as is known, doing any damage to either side.
>
> It is said that no attempt was made to fire upon the cavalry while they were crossing the river, which might easily have been done, neither was there any attempt made to charge upon them by our cavalry and repulse them. This can only be accounted for upon the supposition that the horses were too much exhausted to warrant such an attempt. Upon any other hypothesis the conduct of our cavalry would seem to have been most disgraceful to themselves and the service.
>
> Persons who were present and saw the affair, state that the rebel gun was supported only by about twenty cavalry men.
>
> The crossing occupied some three or four hours, and from first to last met with no serious opposition. The rebels went on their way with their plunder, no doubt surprised as well as rejoicing at having escaped so easily. There was, in fact, nothing which could be called even a skirmish, and but for the artillery practice obtained our troops might as well have been at Harper's Ferry.

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## THE WAYSIDE HOUSE.

THE traveler who passes along the H—— road can hardly fail to remark a house of most melancholy appearance on his right. Nothing cheers that dreary old house, sinking deeper year by year into decay and desolation. The glass is gone from every window, and there are boards nailed across the openings. Where the stucco has not fallen away it is stained with mould, or hidden with a growth of yellow lichen. Nature has tried to do her gracious part, and made a few grasses spring even on the highest window-sills, and a little ivy creep about the walls, but she has only enhanced the general sadness.

Many, many years ago, in that bay window, now almost hidden by the tangled boughs, a father and daughter lingered over the breakfast-table. It was late in the summer, and the shadow of thick leaves made a shelter from the sun, while the air was heavy with perfume from the well-kept flower-beds. There was an air of comfort and even of wealth about every thing, from the chased silver and exquisite china on the table to the rich dress of the young lady. The dark silken folds fell like the robes of a queen round her tall figure, and accorded well with the stately beauty of her face and head. The dark hair smoothly braided, the deeply-set eyes with their heavy fringes, the short upper lip and well-developed chin, the finely-moulded throat set off by the lace collar and knot of rose-color, the rich glow that pervaded cheek and lip, all combined to make Honoria Calvert a beautiful woman. Her father certainly thought her so as he watched her pouring out his tea with a grace and dignity that might have beseemed an empress.

"Did I tell you I met an old friend yesterday, Honoria?" asked Mr. Calvert.

"No, Sir; who was it?"

"I hardly know whether you can recollect him, it is so long ago; but he was a pupil of old Brown's when we lived at Hundon, and he sometimes dined with us on Sundays. You were but five or six years old, and he was a great lad of sixteen. His name is Benham."

"Oh yes, I remember him," answered Honoria, with a smile; "Archer Benham used to swing me and let me ride on his shoulder. He was a merry, good-natured boy."

"Well, he seems a pleasant young man enough," said Mr. Calvert, "and I told him we should be happy to see him here. If he should call this afternoon, ask him to stay and dine. I will bring Ellis back with me to make a fourth."

Honoria bowed assent—she was usually chary of her words—but she looked pleased, for she had an agreeable recollection of her old play-fellow, and she liked society and amusement. After luncheon she opened one of Beethoven's sonatas, and labored vigorously at its complicated chords and chromatic runs, appreciating and enjoying the difficulty, though she missed the beauty.

"Well done!" exclaimed a manly voice, when at length she paused for a little rest; and turning round, she saw a gentleman, whom she easily guessed to be Mr. Benham.

"Pray forgive me," he said, "I am afraid I startled you. I was duly announced, but your grand music drowned my humble name."

She held out her hand and gave him welcome. "I think I should have known you," she said, looking steadily into his face; "you are very little altered, only older and taller."

He shook back his light brown hair and twirled his mustache with an air of good-humored self-complacency, and then said,

"I hardly think I should have known *you*."

"I was so much younger," Honoria replied, turning away with a slight blush at the compliment his looks implied. He soon glided into a subject less personal, and when Mr. Calvert returned, bringing his old friend Mr. Ellis, he found the young pair strolling side by side in the shrubbery, as amicably as they might have done in those old days of which they had been speaking, when Honoria was six years old.

The evening passed away cheerfully. Mr. Ellis, who held a confidential situation in the banking-house in which Mr. Calvert was a partner, was sensible and well-bred; and while he talked politics with his employer the young people discussed themes more interesting. There was music, too, to beguile the time. Mr. Benham had a rich tenor voice, and though Honoria could not sing, she could accompany him brilliantly. She could talk of poetry also, more eloquently, perhaps, than if she had felt it more deeply. Certain it is that, as Archer Benham rode slowly home, his thoughts were busy with Honoria's image.

"She is a glorious creature to look at," he said, half aloud, "and the father's a gentlemanly fellow enough. Now every body is out of town, it won't be a bad thing to ride this way occasionally. I shouldn't like to offend her, but how splendid she would look in a rage!"

Such were *his* reflections; but with Honoria life was a more serious matter. She had enjoyed that evening's conversation; she had uttered more of what was really in her heart than she was accustomed to do; her imagination had been warmed and excited by her companion's descriptions of foreign travel, and her ear charmed by the rich tones of his voice.

"That's a pleasing young man," remarked her father; "you seemed to like him, Honoria, and I hope he will come again. He sings well, doesn't he? I'm no judge."

Honoria ignored the question, gave her father his nightly kiss, and retired to her chamber. She shut her door on the outer world, extinguished her taper, and went to the open window, leaning out to gaze over the quiet meadow-land sleeping in the moonlight. There was a half-smile on her lips as she murmured,

"Have I met my fate to-day? I could almost think so. All was yesterday so stagnant, so dull, and now— Why is it all so changed?"

Days, weeks, and months passed on, and Archer Benham's frequent visits had become matters of course. Very commonly Honoria rode toward London in the afternoon to meet her father, and she had learned now to be surprised when he was alone. She was a noble figure on horseback, and Archer had one day playfully given her the title of "Empress," by which he now commonly addressed her. Mr. Calvert observed all that passed, and made no objection. The young man was a clerk in the Foreign Office, with a small salary; but he was nephew and heir to Sir Archer Benham, of Benham Hall, in Norfolk, and therefore a very eligible match, even for the stately Honoria. As yet he never spoke of love; but his attentions could be construed into only one meaning, and Mr. Calvert complacently awaited the event, ready to give his consent and blessing when the proper moment should arrive.

Meantime how was it with Honoria herself? She was living in a dream of happiness, which she would not pause to analyze. Enough to know, when she rose in the morning, that she should see him ere nightfall; or, if he came not, enough to think of all he said in their last ride, or in the twilight stroll in the shrubbery, or—as autumn waned—at the fireside, or by the piano. Enough to think out long trains of reasoning suggested by some slight remark of his, and to look out over the broad meadows, and know he would soon return. For on that summer day when Archer Benham first came to the old house Honoria had "met her fate," and now she smiled to feel that it was so.

Did he love her? She never asked herself the question; but it sometimes occurred to Archer himself, and received a doubtful sort of reply. He liked her society—her conversation always so animated with him; her beauty so brightened and almost glorified by her present happiness. He might, he thought, be drifting on toward matrimony; if so, well and good. It did not much matter; but, at all events, she was handsome enough for an empress, and clever enough too, and no doubt her father would give her a good portion; so, if she should take a fancy to him, why, all parties would be very well pleased.

So time passed on, and Christmas was coming near. One evening Mr. Calvert had brought Archer in his carriage from London to make one of an unusually large dinner-party. Honoria came down with her father just before the other guests arrived, and Archer started from his seat to receive her. She never dressed like others of her age, but in a picturesque style of her own, and on this occasion she wore ruby-colored velvet, with a coronet of chased gold beads on her head.

"You are glorious to-night, Empress!" exclaimed Archer; "allow me to tender my homage. I can not greet you as an ordinary mortal;" and he knelt on one knee and kissed her hand. Her father smiled, and, turning her toward the light, said, "Well, you are very handsome to-night, my dear, though I say it."

"Thank you, papa; it is something to get a compliment from *you*," said Honoria; and then, to change the subject, she asked if he had read the letter she had put in his room.

"Susie's letter do you mean? Yes. Little darling, how glad I shall be to see her at home again!"

"And who may Susie be?" asked Archer.

"Susie is my sister," replied Honoria.

"Your sister! Do you mean to say you have a sister? You never told me so," he exclaimed.

"I wonder you never spoke of Susie in all your talks," observed Mr. Calvert. "She is my only other child, and she leaves school at Christmas, to my great joy; for she is a sweet, loving little creature, and the image of her poor mother."

A silence fell on the three. The father's thoughts were full of his little girl; Archer was wondering how it was that Honoria had never spoken of her sister—her young, only sister. It did not seem amiable or kind. Honoria felt the cloud of doubt that came over him. She might have told him it was because he had never seen Susie; because her own mind had been full of him and his interests, that she had never mentioned her little sister; but perhaps it is always a part of the punishment of idolatry such as hers to be misunderstood by its object.

The guests arrived; the momentary cloud dispersed; and Archer could not but admire the perfect grace with which Honoria presided at the feast. He noticed, however, that, though perfectly polite to all, she seemed intimate with none of the ladies present; and he remarked this to her when some of them were playing and singing.

"Does it surprise you?" she said, slightly shrugging her shoulders. "I am quite used to it. We beauties have no friends. No woman ever loved me except my mother, who is dead and gone, and little Susie—if I may call that scrap of humanity a woman."

Again Archer was a little startled. He did not like a sarcastic woman. He began to be glad he had never spoken of love to this hard beauty, who had no friends.

She saw the shadow again; and with her most winning smile, said,

"I am tired of all this insipid music. Come and sing your best, and I will play for you."

He did sing—in those full, rich tones that found an echo in her heart. The music was one of Mozart's most touching melodies, and Honoria's proud eyes were filled with tears when she looked up to thank him. It was the sweetest flattery, and might have led him to commit himself by some tender speech, but that Mr. Calvert drew near.

"That is really beautiful, Benham!" he said. "We must have some duets when Susie comes."

"What! does Susie sing?" asked Archer.

"She always had a sweet little voice," replied the father; "and now she has been taking lessons, and they say she sings uncommonly well."

The idea of singing duets with a little girl fresh from school was not very attractive to a musician of Archer's pretensions; but he promised to try, if Honoria would still play the accompaniments. He was going to his uncle's for Christmas, but on his return he would call and bring some music with him to try Susie's voice.

In the second week in January he came. The lamp was lighted, the crimson curtains drawn, and the fire burning cheerily, as he entered the drawing-room. Mr. Calvert was up stairs preparing for dinner. Honoria, in a dress of some rich shawl pattern, leaned back in an easy-chair; and on a cushion at her feet nestled a little figure, almost a child in size, with fair face and light hair, her little hand laid lovingly on Honoria's lap, her blue eyes looking dreamily into Honoria's face. Both started at Archer's approach.

"Welcome!" said Honoria, giving him her hand. "I am very glad you are returned. This," she continued, turning to the little figure now shyly standing beside her—"this is my sister Susie; and this, Susie, is our friend Mr. Benham."

Archer took the little childish hand, only half-extended to him, and clasped it kindly as he looked down with interest on the gentle, blushing girl. Honoria watched him, and a fierce pang shot through her heart. He had many a time looked at herself with admiration, with amusement, even with kindness; but that look of interest was an expression she had never seen in his face before. What did it mean?

Mr. Calvert soon joined them, and Archer dined with the family. Susie was petted by her father, and her shyness soon abated, so that she gave him playful answers and joined sometimes in the general conversation. Honoria was unusually grave, and Archer saw Susie glance uneasily at her occasionally.

"What ails the Empress?" he said, at last; "your majesty is silent to-day. Are you wearied with the festivities of the season?"

"No," Honoria said, with a faint smile; "we have been very quiet."

"I thought very young ladies had parties at this time of the year," he continued, with a sly glance at Susie.

"Indeed, Mr. Benham," Susie said, laughing, "I am not a very young lady now. It is very hard, because one has an empress for a sister, that one is to pass for a child when one is a young woman of eighteen."

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said Archer. "I had no idea I was offending the dignity of eighteen years. I shall be more discreet for the future."

After dinner the piano was opened, and Susie was coaxed to sing. Truly had her father spoken when he said her voice was sweet. There was a pathos in its tones that went straight to the hearer's heart—a tender sadness that brought tears to the eyes. When she sang alone, and the full, pleading tones rose thrilling and clear, Archer listened with hushed breath. Not a note escaped him. Honoria saw it, as she accompanied her sister, and her heart sank with dreary apprehension. Then came duet after duet, the two lovely voices blending in exquisite harmony. Mr. Calvert was beside himself with delight.

"Is it not beautiful, Honoria?" he said; "only I thought you played those last chords a little too loud. Of course, you know best; but it seems to me they ought to die away with the voices."

"I am tired," Honoria said, abruptly, pushing back her chair; "my head aches, and I can play no more. So, if you want any more music, you must play your own accompaniments, Susie."

Archer thought her rude and ill-humored. Alas! from what bitter anguish of heart does a woman's seeming ill-humor sometimes spring! Susie was kinder.

"How good of you, dear, to play for us so long! How selfish we have been! Of course, we won't sing any more. Sit here and let me bathe your head."

Her pretty carefulness was charming, and Archer watched it with a smile, forgetting to express regret for the pains he was trying to soothe. It was past bearing. Harshly forbidding Susie to follow, Honoria said she would go to her room. She only needed darkness and quiet. It was a very trifling headache, and no one need be disturbed about it. Archer held the door open as she swept out, and expressed a hope she would soon be better.

"I fear you are worse than you will acknowledge," he whispered, as she passed him, and he caught sight of her troubled face. She stopped, called all her pride to her aid, and smiled.

"It is nothing, I assure you. Good-night." And she shook hands.

Her fingers were cold as ice, and he could not forget the expression of her countenance a moment before; but his reflections were soon disturbed by Mr. Calvert, who begged for one more song, and silenced all Susie's objections by the assurance that Honoria could not hear it in her room.

Meantime Honoria had locked her door, thrown aside the heavy curtains, and opened the window at which she had stood dreaming so happily a few short months ago. It was a wild, stormy night. The meadows were covered here and there with patches of snow; the wind wailed drearily, and dark clouds were driving over the moon, which shone out at intervals with keen brightness above the saddened landscape. The bitter air was welcome to Honoria's heated brow. She could have shrieked an answer to the wild wind; her eyes were full of despair, as the moonlight fell upon them. She wrung her hands in anguish.

'It is coming," she muttered; "I know it is coming. Fool, fool that I have been, not to foresee this—not to know that he never loved me! O God! I have staked all my happiness, all my peace, and he cares not for me. He will love her. I see it; I know it; and I must wear a smiling face, day after day, day after day. Oh! if I might die! if I might die!"

Passionate moans and inarticulate cries gave way at last to a burst of tears, and then she heard the muffled sound of music from below. It was plain he did not care; and Susie, too, was heartless, inconsiderate, unfeeling, to sing when her sister was ill and suffering. But her passion was exhausted now, and had given place to an intense self-pity. She closed the window with a shudder, drew the curtains, and prepared for bed. Susie's gentle voice pleaded in vain for admittance; and only a cold "good-night" answered Mr. Calvert's kindly inquiries.

This was the spirit in which Honoria met her heavy trial—the heaviest, perhaps, that could be laid on a nature like hers. She had seen the truth. Archer found a charm in Susie's gentleness that all Honoria's beauty could not equal. His heart was touched as it had never been touched before. All that was best in him was called forth by this young, tender creature, who could but love him in return for his devotion, and for the thousand good qualities she very naturally saw in him. Oh! what days and weeks of torture for Honoria! Stifling down, with the power of her strong will, the anguish of her jealousy, she wore a smiling face in spite of her aching heart. She received Archer as a friend, and talked to him as of old, when her sister was not by. Susie was so occupied with the strange new joy of being beloved that she had seldom time to wonder at Honoria's wayward manner—sometimes so full of affection toward herself, sometimes so cold and stern as almost to frighten her gentler spirit. Still the crisis had not come. Archer had not spoken of love, and he never saw Susie alone. There was to be yet one more drop of bitterness in Honoria's cup. Archer had forgotten, as it is easy for men to do, those old times when he had dreamed of the possibility of making Honoria his wife. Now she was only Susie's sister, and as such, of course, his friend. He could find no opportunities of speaking to Susie. If he offered her a note, how her large blue eyes would open still wider with wonder! He would speak to Honoria. She loved her sister, and would know all about her feelings, and speak for him. So he watched for an occasion, and soon found it.

"You know so well what admiration is, fair Empress," he began; but Honoria shrank away, as if she had been stung. "Forgive me," he continued; "perhaps that address is impertinently familiar. I only meant that, used as you are to homage, you must know what my feelings are toward your sister. She is so young and gentle, I am half afraid to speak to her; but if you will stand my friend I shall be eternally grateful to you."

He paused; but she kept her eyes fixed on the ground, and said, in a low voice,

"What would you have me do?"

"Will you advise me?" he asked. "I am so afraid of speaking too soon. Will you talk to her of me, and prepare her for my declaration?"

"On one condition," Honoria answered.

"What is it?"

"That you promise not to speak till I give you warning. You will ruin your own cause if you speak too soon."

Archer hesitated; then said, smiling, "Well, I promise; only you must not try me too long."

She wondered at herself for the composure with which she now could go through scenes like this one. No one knew what passed in the solitude of her own chamber, when the tall, proud form lay stretched on the ground, as if crushed by some heavy blow; no human eye saw the haggard face, peering out in the moonlight, the clenched hands raised in a mad supplication for death. Morning found her in her usual place at the breakfast-table, calm and attentive to her duties, ready to listen to her father's plans, and to take her part in conversation. There was no outward change, or, at least, Mr. Calvert perceived none; and if he was a little puzzled at seeing Mr. Benham devote himself to Susie quite as much as to Honoria, yet he made no remark, and concluded, probably, that it was a natural consequence of the little girl's pretty voice.

But a dark shadow hung over the old house. Mr. Calvert was seized with a fit at his office, and almost instantly expired, only the day after Archer had made his appeal to Honoria for her assistance. The sisters were overwhelmed with sorrow, and Susie drooped at once, like some tender plant beaten down by the storm. When Mr. Ellis arrived to announce the sad news, he found the sisters sitting together busied with some womanly work. His face betrayed that he was the bearer of evil tidings. He tried to tell them cautiously, but when Susie understood the truth she dropped from her seat like one heart-stricken.

"Poor child!" Mr. Ellis said, kindly, as he raised her in his arms as gently as if she had been his own daughter. "Let me carry her to her room, Miss Calvert; she will be better there."

Pale and wan, but tearless still, Honoria led the way, and Susie was carried to her room. The sun was shining gayly in, but Honoria, almost impatiently, drew the heavy curtains to shut out the daylight; and begging Mr. Ellis to send Susie's old nurse, who was still a favored member of the household, she began to undress the poor child. The swoon lasted long; and for many a day afterward Susie lay, feeble as an infant, with wide-open eyes, scarcely speaking, even to old nurse, who sat beside the bed, working at the black garments, and wishing for cries or tears, or any thing rather than that strange stillness.

Meanwhile, Honoria came and went through the darkened chambers, gloomy, hopeless, and most miserable. She saw no one but Mr. Ellis, who had been named in Mr. Calvert's will as one of Susie's guardians, while Honoria herself was the other. The property, which was considerable, was divided equally between the two sisters; and in the event of one of them dying all was to belong to the survivor.

"Arrange all as you think best," Honoria said to Mr. Ellis; "only I shall remain in this house with Susie. I do not care for any thing else."

Mr. Ellis offered his wife's assistance.

"No," Honoria replied; "you are very kind, but we can do very well. I am glad to have something to do;" and she sighed drearily. About one thing she was obstinate—she would not see Archer Benham. He called, he sent messages through Mr. Ellis, he wrote imploring letters, but all in vain; she always sent the same answer, "He must wait."

So the weary weeks passed on, and Susie could yet only bear to be lifted from the bed to the sofa; but she sometimes spoke of her father with quiet tears that the nurse rejoiced to see. Strength might return to the delicate frame, enfeebled by so severe a shock, now that the mind was clear and calm. And all this time there was a heart beating only for her. Archer longed to defend her with his strong, loving arms against all the cares, all the sorrows, all the unkindness of the world. If she had only known!

One day Honoria was beside her sister's couch, silently watching the thin fingers braiding some pretty work. It was so still outside that they could hear the approach of a horseman, and presently a voice almost under the window asked for Miss Calvert. Honoria saw the color rise in Susie's cheek, the eyes fill with moisture, the trembling hands drop the work. She saw how the tender little heart yearned with eager longing at the sound of that voice, but she had no pity then. She rose, pressing her hand on her heart, and left the room. With that burning, passionate jealousy in her soul she dared not stay beside her sister. She went to her room, the scene so often of her fearful mental struggles, and sat down, gasping for breath, and shuddering at her own thoughts. A knock roused her, and the servant put a letter into her hand.

"Mr. Benham says, Will you be good enough to see him, only for five minutes, Miss Calvert?"

"I can not see him," she answered, hoarsely. "Tell him I will write."

She sat listening till she heard him ride slowly away; then she rose and went to the window, whence she watched the solitary horseman as long as he was in sight. Almost with a groan she then broke the seal of the letter she had held all this time. An inclosure fell out, addressed to Susie; she laid it aside, and read the sheet addressed to herself. In it Archer implored her forgiveness, but he could wait no longer. Surely, if Susie loved him, it would be a comfort to her to receive the assurance of his deep and unalterable affection. Would she not give him some hope? He could not stay so near and not try to see her. If Susie would not give him an answer now, would she name a time when he might come? Might he return in a month—two months—three months? Meantime he would go abroad. He would not harass her for the world; he would be a wanderer till she bade him come; only let him have a hope, he asked no more.

There was a cold, cruel gleam in Honoria's eye as she read. The jealous passion she had nursed had grown beyond her unassisted human strength now, and she yielded to its whispers. Lighting a candle, she held Susie's letter in the flame till it blazed, then threw it on the hearth, and stood watching it till the last particle was consumed; then she sat at her desk and wrote, without glancing at the open sheet that lay beside her.

"Susie can not, will not listen to you now. You will lose her forever if you persist in writing. Her heart is full of her father, and she thinks it sacrilege to talk of any other love now. Your plan of going abroad is excellent. Leave her to me and go. In three months you may return." For a moment she paused. Implied falsehood had been but too easy; a direct untruth was harder. Again her evil spirit prompted, and she listened. A very few words were added. "Susie bids me say so."

She dared not read what she had written. Hastily sealing and directing it, and only pausing to crush Archer's letter into a secret drawer of her desk, she took her note to the hall, and put it into the letter-bag herself. She could not stop to think, but went straight to Susie's room. The poor child looked up with eager, wistful eyes, and her lips were white with agitation. Honoria moved out of reach of her glance, and said, as easily as she could—

"I have had a note from our friend Mr. Benham. He inquires kindly for us, and is just going abroad."

Her ear caught a low, shivering sigh, but there was no answer; and when she ventured to turn from the window the little fingers were busy with their delicate work again. Honoria smiled bitterly.

"She does not care much, after all," she thought.

A few days later Mr. Ellis mentioned, accidentally, that Mr. Benham was gone abroad for three months. Honoria replied that she had heard so from himself, and then the subject was dropped, and Archer's name was mentioned no more.

Summer was coming with its roses, but no roses returned to Susie's cheek. The doctor, whom Honoria anxiously consulted, said the nerves had sustained so severe a shock in her father's sudden death that she could only rally by very slow degrees. The old nurse trembled for her darling, and called Honoria's attention to the fact that Susie grew weaker. The old woman carried her about like a child, and Susie liked to be taken to the couch in the bay-windowed room, to lie listening to the whispering leaves and dreaming over the past.

Honoria herself was fearfully changed. Her cheek was hollow, her eye burned with a restless fire. Sleep seldom visited her. Through the long nights she wandered up and down her room, pausing at the window to watch the gray dawn stealing up the sky, or to gaze over the meadow-land, where the grass was once more rich and high, as in the time last year when Archer Benham first came to the old house. Thoughts which almost maddened her rushed over her brain in those miserable nights.

"Was Susie really dying, as nurse feared? Was it only grief for her father's death? Would the knowledge, the blessed certainty that she was beloved, send fresh life through those veins, fresh vigor into that fading form? Should she hear the truth soon—to-morrow? No: Honoria would wait till she knew where he was, and could summon him. She knew not now any thing of his whereabouts; she must wait. Only three months, and he would come, and then......and then......"

Two-thirds of the time had rolled away. It was a lovely day in June, and the blackbird was piping in the pink-thorn whose bloomy boughs shadowed the bay-window. Susie was on her couch facing the garden, and Honoria sat with her back to the light, looking at her sister, and trying to fancy she was better. Susie shook her head in reply to some remark of Honoria's. "I have taken my last walk, dear," she said; "you must learn to do without little Susie."

Honoria hid her face in her hands, when suddenly she was startled by a low cry, and, looking up, she saw Susie raising herself on the couch, with outstretched hands and glowing cheek, her eyes intently gazing out of the window. Honoria turned. *He* was there; pale, travel-worn, altered—but it was Archer Benham.

In a few moments he was in the room, kneeling by the couch, Susie's little head lying on his bosom in an ecstasy of joy. Tender as a mother's were his low, caressing words: "My little one, my dove, my darling, why did you send me away?"

He could only think of the bliss of seeing her again at first. Honoria sat spell-bound, till at last he turned to her, and said, fiercely, "Why was I not warned of this? Why did you not tell me? I heard from a stranger that she was ill."

"How could I know where you were?" faltered Honoria.

"You knew my uncle's address," he said; then, turning to Susie, "Why did you not answer my letter, my little one? Why not tell me I should be welcome? One word would have brought me, as I told you. Why did you not write!" Susie looked up astonished.

"Letter!" she said; "I had no letter."

Honoria hid her face, and the truth flashed on Archer that he had been deceived. He started to his feet and confronted her.

"You did not give her my letter?" he asked, seizing her wrist. "Where is it?"

"I destroyed it."

The words sounded unnaturally hollow. He stood a moment, as if paralyzed; then a low moan from Susie roused him, and he flew to his place by the couch, where the poor child lay cold and still, faint with terror.

"God forgive you!" he muttered, as he turned from Honoria. "You have murdered your sister."

It was too true. Joy came too late to save the young life, blighted by sorrow and falsehood. The next day, with words of Christian forgiveness and Christian hope on her lips, Susie's spirit passed into the world where sorrow is unknown. Honoria had confessed all, and Susie had earnestly pleaded with Archer; but Honoria felt that his seeming pardon was but spoken to pacify her sister, and that in reality he shrank from her with disgust. One promise Susie had exacted from her old nurse; it was that she should always remain with Honoria. Even Susie's influence would have failed here had the old woman known the truth, but none ever knew it except the three persons concerned.

The funeral moved away from the house, and once more Honoria gazed from the window, wild and hopeless, as the body of her only sister was carried to the grave. From that day she never again saw the face of Archer Benham, nor did any friendly foot ever cross her threshold. With Mr. Ellis she would only communicate by letter on matters of business. She dismissed every servant except the gardener, his wife, and the old nurse. She never left the house by day, only in the twilight she would steal into the garden or shrubbery, and wander for hours like a restle [illegible] a time the passing traveler mig [illegible] the sight of a white, despairing face looking drearily out of one of the upper windows. Who shall say whether peace ever came to that proud and sinful heart? Death took her after many years. The nurse, entering her room one morning, found the bed had not been occupied, but on the floor under the window lay Honoria, her gray hair unbound, her hands clasped as if in supplication. She was dead.

Her will left all her large fortune to different charitable institutions, after providing for her servants. The house she bequeathed, without remark, to Archer Benham, now a baronet and in possession of Benham Park, but still a sad and solitary man. By his order the furniture was sold, with the exception of some few things he reserved for himself. In the secret drawer of Honoria's desk he found a crushed letter, which he tore and flung to the winds; the other papers he handed to Mr. Ellis. After the sale, he ordered that the house should be shut up and left to decay. The very windows had been removed, and replaced by boards, and neglect soon did its work. The once cheerful home is now but a desolate ruin, which the traveler can scarcely pass without a sigh, even when the history of its former inmates is unknown to him.

## THE PIRATE "ALABAMA," *ALIAS* "290."

WE publish on page 689 a faithful portrait of the new PIRATE "ALABAMA," *alias* "290," which was built by the British a few months since to prey upon our merchant navy, and which has already taken and burned fourteen vessels of various sizes. She is commanded by Captain Raphael Semmes, late of the *Sumter*. Captain Hager, of the *Brilliant*, one of the vessels taken and burned by the *Alabama* describes her as follows:

The *Alabama* was built at Liverpool, or Birkenhead, and left the latter port in August last; is about 1200 tons burden, draught about fourteen feet; engines by Laird & Sons, of Birkenhead, 1862. She is a wooden vessel, propelled by a screw, copper bottom, about 210 feet long, rather narrow, painted black outside and drab inside; has a round stern, billet head, very little shear, flush deck fore and aft; a bridge forward of the smoke stack carries two large black boats on cranes amidships forward of the main rigging; two black quarter boats between the main and mizen masts, one small black boat over the stern, on cranes; the spare spars, on a gallows between the bridge and foremast, show above the rail. She carries three long thirty-two pounders on a side, and is pierced for two more amidships; has a one hundred-pound rifled pivot gun forward of the bridge, and a sixty-eight pound pivot on the main deck; has tracks laid forward for a pivot bow gun, and tracks aft for a pivot stern chaser—all of which she will take on board to complete her armament. Her guns are of the Blakely pattern, and manufactured by Wesley & Preston, Liverpool, 1862. She is bark rigged; has very long, bright lower masts, and black mast-heads; yards black, long yard-arms, short poles (say one to two feet), with small dog-vanes on each, and a pendant to the main; studding-sail booms on the fore and main, and has wire rigging. Carries on her foremast a square foresail; large try-sail with two reefs, and a bonnet top-sail with two reefs, top-gallant sail and royal. On the mainmast a large try-sail with two reefs and a bonnet. No square mainsail bent, top-sail two reefs, top-gallant sail and royal. On the mizen-mast, a very large spanker and a short three-cornered gaff top-sail; has a fore and foretop-mast stay-sail and jib; has had no stay-sail to the main or mizen-mast bent or royal yards aloft. Is represented to go thirteen knots under canvas and fifteen under steam. Can get steam in twenty minutes, but seldom uses it except in a chase or an emergency. Has all national flags, but usually sets the St. George's cross on approaching a vessel. Her present complement of men is one hundred and twenty, all told, but is anxious to ship more. Keeps a man at the mast-head from daylight till sunset. Her sails are of hemp canvas, made very roaching; the top-sails have twenty cloths on the head and thirty on the foot. General appearance of the hull and sails decidedly English. She is generally under two top-sails, fore and main try-sails; fore and foretop-mast stay-sails; sometimes top-gallant-sails and jib, but seldom any sails on the mizen except while in charge of a vessel. She is very slow in stays; generally wears ship. She was built expressly for the business. She is engaged to destroy, fight, or run, as the character of her opponent may be. She took her armament and crew and most of her officers on board near Terceira, Western Islands, from an English vessel. Her crew are principally English; the officers chivalry of the South. All the water consumed on board is condensed. She has eight months' provisions, besides what is being plundered, and has about four hundred tons of coal on board.

He gives the following additional information, which will be found interesting and important:

In all cases where Captain Semmes captures a vessel, he sends an armed boat on board and orders the unfortunate captain on board the *Alabama* with his papers. On his arrival he is ushered into the presence of the pirate Semmes, who receives him in the most pompous and overbearing manner. He is questioned as to the name of the ship, where from, where bound, and the character of his cargo. Captain Hagar, in reply to the latter question, said that some of his cargo was on English account. On his giving this reply Semmes scowled at him and remarked, "Do you take me for a d—d fool? Where are the proofs that part of your cargo is on English account?"

The papers, unfortunately, not having the Consular seal attached, were not considered proof, and the *Brilliant* and her cargo were in consequence seized by Semmes as a prize.

When Captain Hagar left the *Alabama* there were between forty and fifty of the crews of the different vessels she had destroyed still on board. They were confined below in irons, in the most miserable condition. They were where every drop of rain fell on them, and every sea that came aboard the vessel washed over them, and the poor fellows were in a terrible plight, having lost every thing, with the vessels they belonged to, the pirates permitting no baggage, except the very smallest quantity, to be brought away from the prizes before they were destroyed. They had the satisfaction of knowing, however, that it could not be long before they would be released; for Semmes could not afford to have his ship filled up with prisoners.

The plan that Semmes has adopted to bring fish to his net is as follows: It will be seen at a glance that the position he was last reported in was in the track of many vessels bound to and from Europe. This is the position he has chosen to do the greatest possible amount of destruction; and he certainly has been most successful. Whenever he captures a ship, after taking from her all that he and his officers want, he lays by her until dark, and then sets her on fire. The light of the burning ship can be seen many miles, and every other ship within seeing distance stands toward the light, thinking to rescue a number of poor fellows from destruction. The pirate keeps in the immediate vicinity awaiting the prey that is sure to come, and the next morning the poor fellows who have, to serve the cause of humanity, gone many miles out of their course, find themselves under the guns of the *Alabama*, with the certainty that before another twenty-four hours they will share the fate of the ship they came to serve.

This plan will enable him to destroy an immense amount of property without much cruising. He can lay in one position and gather the ships around him during the night ready for operations on the coming day for weeks to come; for it will be a long time before his depredations can be [illegible] to cruise for an indefinite length [illegible] oal, depending upon his canvas entirely, which, it seems, is all-sufficient for his purpose. He carries stores for eight months, and can always replenish from the prizes he may take. He will be here to-day, there to-morrow, and will be certain to be found where no one is looking for him. Looking for him will be like "looking for a needle in a haystack," and with the majority of vessels we have cruising at the present time, should one of them be fortunate enough to see him, all we shall benefit thereby will be a look, and so it will continue to be until we have ships of greater speed than we now possess or expect soon to have.

## THE BATTLE OF CORINTH.

ON pages 692 and 701 we give a large picture of the BATTLE OF CORINTH, fought on 4th October, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. A. Simplot. The battle commenced on 3d, the rebels under Price and Van Dorn being the attacking party. That day they seem to have rather had the advantage. On the 4th the contest was renewed at daybreak. For some hours it was waged with indifferent success. At length the great effort was made which forms the subject of our picture. The *Tribune* correspondent describes it as follows:

For a time there were no demonstrations on the part of the enemy, and they remained altogether quiet in the angle of the woods near the railroad. Presently two lines were formed, one at right angles to the other—the one destined with its reserves to sweep over the railroad, through the abattis into the village—the other with its reserves to attack battery "Robinett," which was the key to the whole position. It once taken and held, Corinth was undeniably in rebel possession. The line destined for the occupation of the village came rapidly forward at a charge across the railroad, over the fallen timber, driving the Union line before them like chaff. All that grape and canister could do to impede their progress was attempted, but still their irresistible progress was not stayed. Batteries of light artillery played upon their front and left incessantly; their colors were thrice shot away; but they came still onward, nor halted until they reached the public square, and formed in line of battle directly in front of General Halleck's old head-quarters. Our line of battle was formed directly opposite, in the street leading past General Rosecrans's head-quarters.

The two armies advanced and engaged in a terrible hand-to-hand conflict, and for a time the destruction of the Union line seemed inevitable. Our army gradually yielded, and fell back until the enemy had nearly reached the Corinth House. Here General Rosecrans rode along the line, and in a few cheering words revived the drooping courage of the wearied soldiers. The enemy's reserve was at this time directly in range of the guns on the redoubts to the left, and huge shells began to drop in their midst, whose explosion in the solid masses began to create considerable confusion and loss of life. At the same time the order was given to "charge bayonets." At this command our brave soldiers sprang to their work with a will. They attacked vigorously, and soon the enemy were flying across the public square in wild confusion. The explosion of the fiery missiles from the two batteries added haste to their movements, and by the time they had reached the cover of the timber their retreat had become a rout.

By the time this line was driven back the other line with their reserves were well advanced in the direction of battery "Robinett."

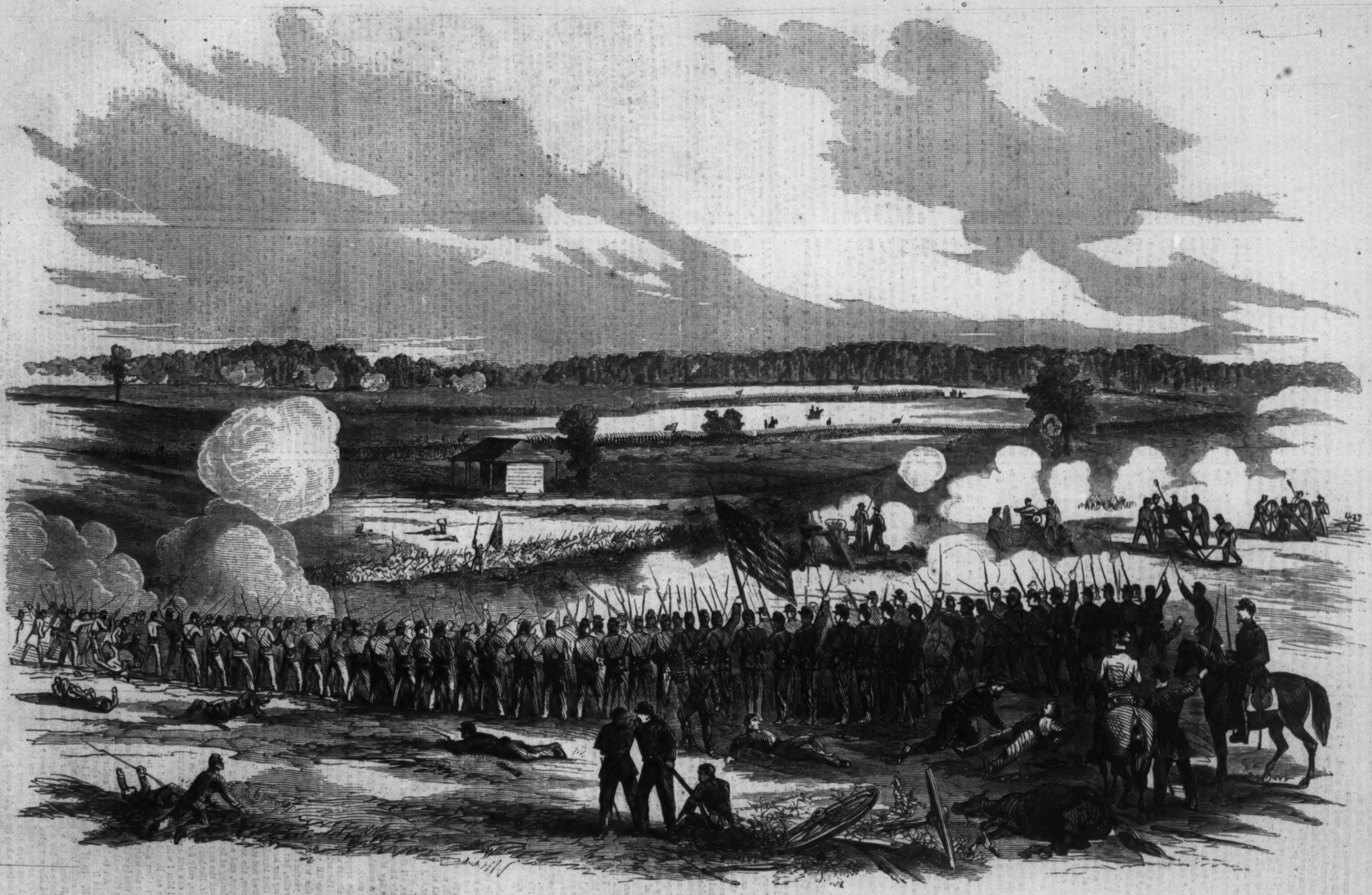
During the period of seeming inaction when the enemy had withdrawn to the cover of the timber, while preparing to make the two charges as recorded in the preceding narrative, General Price and his principal officers held a consultation to devise ways and means to take the battery. The importance of its capture was admitted, and the risk and danger of the attempt thoroughly canvassed. General Price would not undertake the responsibility of ordering the attack, but called for volunteers. Colonel Rogers of Arkansas immediately tendered his brigade as the forlorn hope, and Colonel Ross his brigade as a support.

They massed their troops eight deep, and advanced under a heavy fire of double charges of grape and canister. A terrible enfilading and flanking fire was poured upon them from every battery bearing in that direction, aided by incessant volleys of musketry from the supports of the batteries and the Union regiments drawn up in line parallel with them.

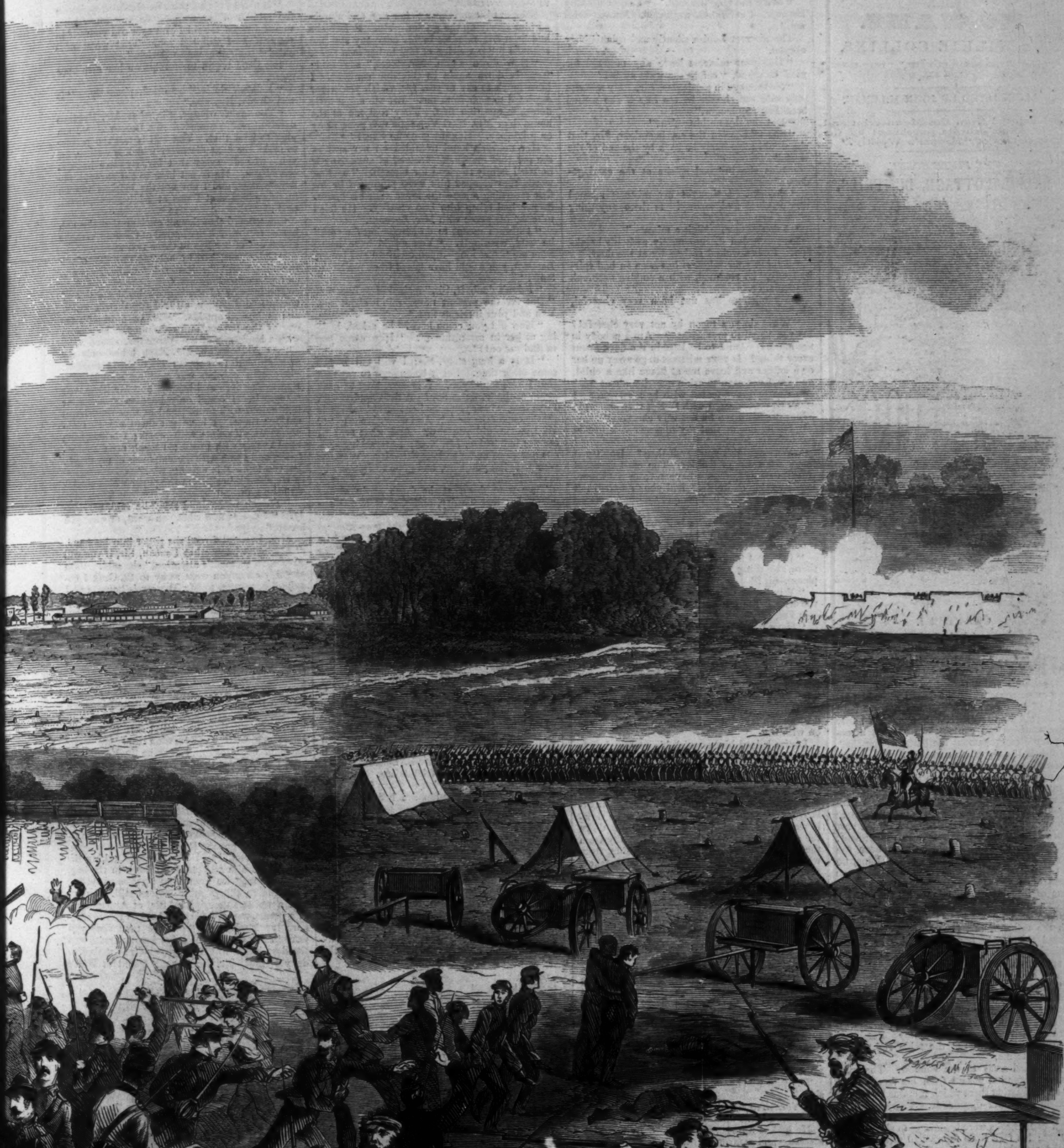
The first shell from Battery William exploded in the centre of the advancing column, sending thirty or forty to their long home. Every discharge caused huge gaps in their ranks. An eye-witness of that wonderful charge says that he can compare the effect of our fire to nothing but the falling of grain before the scythe. This tremendous mortality did not affect their irresistible onward march. As fast as one man fell his comrade stepped forward in his place. I doubt whether history has ever recorded a charge characterized by such determined valor and bravery. Twice did they approach almost to the outer works of the battery, and twice were they compelled to fall back. The third time they reached the battery and planted their flag upon the edge. It was shot down, raised again, and again shot down. They swarmed about the battery; they climbed over the parapets; they fired through the escarpments, and for a time it seemed as if they had secured the victory their valor had so richly earned.

When they obtained the battery, our men who were working it fell back behind the projecting earth-works, out of reach from our shells, and immediately all the batteries bearing upon the position were turned upon Battery Robinett, and soon a shower of missiles were falling like hail upon the brave intruders. No mortal man could stand the fire, and they retreated. Slowly the brave remnant turned their unwilling steps toward the forest from which they started, when the order was given to the two regiments supporting the battery to charge. This order was splendidly executed. The miserable remnant of troops whom the batteries had nearly destroyed was now almost annihilated. A few scattering troops were all that remained of the column which so valiantly attacked the battery scarcely an hour before. The dead bodies of rebels were piled up in and about the intrenchments, in some places eight and ten deep. In one place directly in front of the point of assault 216 dead bodies were found within a space of a hundred feet by four, among them the commanders of both brigades making the assault—Colonel Rogers and Colonel Ross.

This was the termination of the engagement.



THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE, KENTUCKY, FOUGHT OCTOBER 8, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 695.]



—STANLEY'S DIVISION COMING UP TO THE SUPPORT.—Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.—[See Page 699.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

# NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

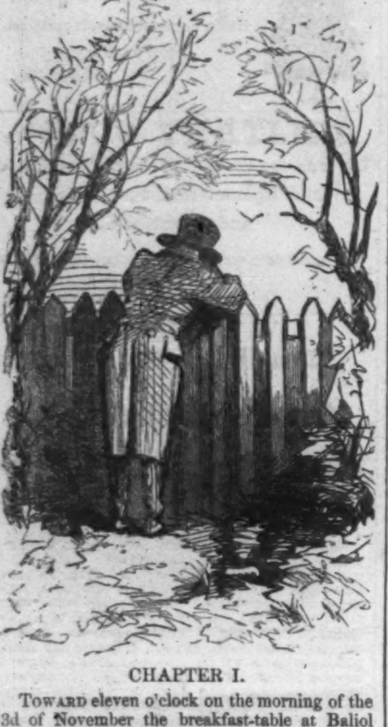
AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

## *THE FIFTH SCENE.*

## BALIOL COTTAGE, DUMFRIES.



### CHAPTER I.

TOWARD eleven o'clock on the morning of the 3d of November the breakfast-table at Baliol Cottage presented that essentially comfortless appearance which is caused by a meal in a state of transition—that is to say, by a meal prepared for two persons, which has been already partaken of by one, and which has not yet been approached by the other. It must be a hardy appetite which can contemplate without a momentary discouragement the battered egg-shell, the fish half stripped to a skeleton, the crumbs in the plate, and the dregs in the cup. There is surely a wise submission to those weaknesses in human nature which must be respected and not reproved, in the sympathizing rapidity with which servants in places of public refreshment clear away all signs of the customer in the past from the eyes of the customer in the present. Although his predecessor may have been the wife of his bosom or the child of his loins, no man can find himself confronted at table by the traces of a vanished eater without a passing sense of injury in connection with the idea of his own meal.

Some such impression as this found its way into the mind of Mr. Noel Vanstone when he entered the lonely breakfast-parlor at Baliol Cottage shortly after eleven o'clock. He looked at the table with a frown, and rang the bell with an expression of disgust.

"Clear away this mess!" he said, when the servant appeared. "Has your mistress gone?"

"Yes, Sir—nearly an hour ago."

"Is Louisa down stairs?"

"Yes, Sir."

"When you have put the table right send Louisa up to me."

He walked away to the window. The momentary irritation passed from his face, but it left an expression there which remained—an expression of pining discontent. Personally, his marriage had altered him for the worse. His wizen little cheeks were beginning to shrink into hollows; his frail little figure had already contracted a slight stoop. The former delicacy of his complexion had gone—the sickly paleness of it was all that remained. His thin flaxen mustaches were no longer pragmatically waxed and twisted into a curl: their weak feathery ends hung meekly pendent over the querulous corners of his mouth. If the ten or twelve weeks since his marriage had been counted by his looks, they might have reckoned as ten or twelve years. He stood at the window mechanically picking leaves from a pot of heath placed in front of it, and drearily humming the forlorn fragment of a tune.

The prospect from the window overlooked the course of the Nith, at the bend of the river a few miles above Dumfries. Here and there, through wintry gaps in the wooded bank, broad tracts of the level cultivated valley met the eye. Boats passed on the river and carts plodded along the high-road on their way to Dumfries. The sky was clear; the November sun shone as pleasantly as if the year had been younger by two good months; and the view, noted in Scotland for its bright and peaceful charm, was presented at the best which its wintry aspect could assume. If it had been hidden in mist or drenched with rain Mr. Noel Vanstone would, to all appearance, have found it as attractive as he found it now. He waited at the window until he heard Louisa's knock at the door—then turned back sullenly to the breakfast-table and told her to come in.

"Make the tea," he said. "I know nothing about it. I'm left here neglected. Nobody helps me."

The discreet Louisa silently and submissively obeyed.

"Did your mistress leave any message for me," he asked, "before she went away?"

"No message in particular, Sir. My mistress only said she should be too late if she waited breakfast any longer."

"Did she say nothing else?"

"She told me at the carriage-door, Sir, that she would most likely be back by the end of the week."

"Was she in good spirits at the carriage-door?"

"No, Sir. I thought my mistress seemed very anxious and uneasy. Is there any thing more I can do, Sir?"

"I don't know. Wait a minute."

He proceeded discontentedly with his breakfast. Louisa waited resignedly at the door.

"I think your mistress has been in bad spirits lately," he resumed, with a sudden outbreak of petulance.

"My mistress has not been very cheerful, Sir."

"What do you mean by not very cheerful? Do you mean to prevaricate? Am I nobody in the house? Am I to be kept in the dark about every thing? Is your mistress to go away on her own affairs and leave me at home like a child, and am I not even to ask a question about her? Am I to be prevaricated with by a servant? I won't be prevaricated with! Not very cheerful! What do you mean by not very cheerful?"

"I only meant that my mistress was not in good spirits, Sir."

"Why couldn't you say it then? Don't you know the value of words? The most dreadful consequences sometimes happen from not knowing the value of words. Did your mistress tell you she was going to London?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What did you think when your mistress told you she was going to London? Did you think it odd she was going without me?"

"I did not presume to think it odd, Sir. Is there any thing more I can do for you, if you please, Sir?"

"What sort of a morning is it out? Is it warm? Is the sun on the garden?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Have you seen the sun yourself on the garden?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Get me my great-coat; I'll take a little turn. Has the man brushed it? Did you see the man brush it yourself? What do you mean by saying he has brushed it, when you didn't see him? Let me look at the tails. If there's a speck of dust on the tails I'll turn the man off! Help me on with it."

Louisa helped him on with his coat, and gave him his hat. He went out irritably. The coat was a large one (it had belonged to his father); the hat was a large one (it was a misfit, purchased at a bargain by himself). He was submerged in his hat and coat; he looked singularly small, and frail, and miserable, as he slowly wended his way, in the wintry sunlight, down the garden-walk. The path sloped gently from the back of the house to the water-side, from which it was parted by a low wooden fence. After pacing backward and forward slowly for some little time, he stopped at the lower extremity of the garden, and, leaning on the fence, looked down listlessly at the smooth flow of the river.

His thoughts still ran on the subject of his first fretful question to Louisa—he was still brooding over the circumstances under which his wife had left the cottage that morning, and over the want of consideration toward himself implied in the manner of her departure. The longer he thought of his grievance the more acutely he resented it. He was capable of great tenderness of feeling where any injury to his sense of his own importance was concerned. His head drooped little by little on his arms, as they rested on the fence; and, in the deep sincerity of his mortification, he sighed bitterly.

The sigh was answered by a voice close at his side.

"You were happier with *me*, Sir," said the voice, in accents of tender regret.

He looked up with a scream—literally with a scream—and confronted Mrs. Lecount.

Was it the spectre of the woman, or the woman herself? Her hair was white; her face had fallen away; her eyes looked out large, bright, and haggard over her hollow cheeks. She was withered and old. Her dress hung loose round her wasted figure; not a trace of its buxom autumnal beauty remained. The quietly impenetrable resolution, the smoothly insinuating voice—these were the only relics of the past which sickness and suffering had left in Mrs. Lecount.

"Compose yourself, Mr. Noel," she said, gently. "You have no cause to be alarmed at seeing me. Your servant, when I inquired, said you were in the garden, and I came here to find you. I have traced you out, Sir, with no resentment against yourself, with no wish to distress you by so much as the shadow of a reproach. I come here on what has been, and is still, the business of my life—your service."

He recovered himself a little, but he was still incapable of speech. He held fast by the fence, and stared at her.

"Try to possess your mind, Sir, of what I say," proceeded Mrs. Lecount. "I have not come here as your enemy, but as your friend. I have been tried by sickness; I have been tried by distress. Nothing remains of me but my heart. My heart forgives you; my heart, in your sore need—need which you have yet to feel—places me at your service. Take my arm, Mr. Noel. A little turn in the sun will help you to recover yourself."

She put his hand through her arm and marched him slowly up the garden-walk. Before she had been five minutes in his company she had resumed full possession of him in her own right.

"Now down again, Mr. Noel," she said; "gently down again in this fine sunlight. I have much to say to you, Sir, which you never expected to hear from me. Let me ask a little domestic question first. They told me at the house door Mrs. Noel Vanstone was gone away on a journey. Has she gone for long?"

Her master's hand trembled on her arm as she put that question. Instead of answering it he tried faintly to plead for himself. The first words that escaped him were prompted by his first returning sense—the sense that his housekeeper had taken him into custody. He tried to make his peace with Mrs. Lecount.

"I always meant to do something for you," he said, coaxingly. "You would have heard from me before long—upon my word and honor, Lecount, you would have heard from me before long!"

"I don't doubt it, Sir," replied Mrs. Lecount. "But for the present never mind about me. You and your interests first."

"How did you come here?" he asked, looking at her in astonishment. "How came you to find me out?"

"It is a long story, Sir; I will tell it you some other time. Let it be enough to say now that I *have* found you. Will Mrs. Noel be back again at the house to-day? A little louder, Sir; I can hardly hear you. So! so! Not back again till the end of the week! And where is she gone? To London, did you say? And what for? I am not inquisitive, Mr. Noel; I am asking serious questions under serious necessity. Why has your wife left you here, and gone to London by herself?"

They were down at the fence again as she made that last inquiry, and they waited, leaning against it, while Noel Vanstone answered. Her reiterated assurances that she bore him no malice were producing their effect on him: he was beginning to recover himself. The old helpless habit of addressing all his complaints to his housekeeper was returning already with the reappearance of Mrs. Lecount—returning insidiously in company with that besetting anxiety to talk about his grievances which had got the better of him at the breakfast-table, and which had shown the wound inflicted on his vanity to his wife's maid.

"I can't answer for Mrs. Noel Vanstone," he said, spitefully. "Mrs. Noel Vanstone has not treated me with the consideration which is my due. She has taken my permission for granted, and she has only thought proper to tell me that the object of her journey is to see her friends in London. She went away this morning without bidding me good-by. She takes her own way, as if I was nobody; she treats me like a child. You may not believe it, Lecount; but I don't even know who her friends are. I am left quite in the dark; I am left to guess for myself that her friends in London are her uncle and aunt."

Mrs. Lecount privately considered the question by the help of her own knowledge obtained in London. She soon reached the obvious conclusion. After writing to her sister in the first instance, Magdalen had now in all probability followed the letter in person. There was little doubt that the friends she had gone to visit in London were her sister and Miss Garth.

"Not her uncle and aunt, Sir," resumed Mrs. Lecount, composedly. "A secret for your private ear! She has no uncle and aunt. Another little turn before I explain myself—another little turn to compose your spirits."

She took him in custody once more, and marched him back toward the house.

"Mr. Noel!" she said, suddenly stopping in the middle of the walk—"do you know what was the worst mischief you ever did yourself in your life? I will tell you. That worst mischief was sending me to Zurich."

His hand began to tremble on her arm once more.

"I didn't do it!" he cried, piteously. "It was all Mr. Bygrave."

"You acknowledge, Sir, that Mr. Bygrave deceived *me?*" proceeded Mrs. Lecount. "I am glad to hear that. You will be all the readier to make the next discovery which is waiting for you—the discovery that Mr. Bygrave has deceived *you*. He is not here to slip through my fingers now, and I am not the helpless woman in this place that I was at Aldborough, thank God!"

She uttered that devout exclamation through her set teeth. All her hatred of Captain Wragge hissed out of her lips in those two words.

"Oblige me, Sir, by holding one side of my traveling-bag," she resumed, "while I open it and take something out."

The interior of the bag disclosed a series of neatly-folded papers, all laid together in order, and numbered outside. Mrs. Lecount took out one of the papers, and shut up the bag again with a loud snap of the spring that closed it.

"At Aldborough, Mr. Noel, I had only my own opinion to support me," she remarked. "My own opinion was nothing against Miss Bygrave's youth and beauty, and Mr. Bygrave's ready wit. I could only hope to attack your infatuation with proofs, and at that time I had not got them. I have got them now! I am armed at all points with proofs; I bristle from head to foot with proofs; I break my forced silence, and speak with the emphasis of my proofs. Do you know this writing, Sir?"

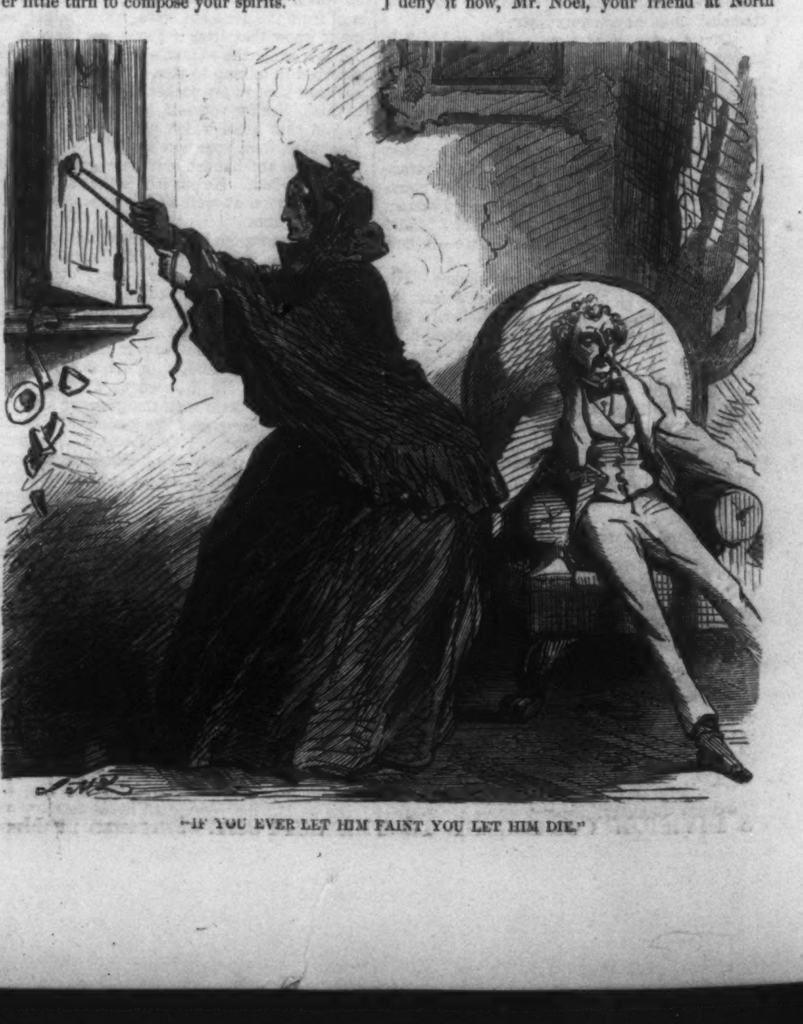
He shrank back from the paper which she offered to him.

"I don't understand this," he said, nervously. "I don't know what you want, or what you mean."

Mrs. Lecount forced the paper into his hand. "You shall know what I mean, Sir, if you will give me a moment's attention," she said. "On the day after you went away to St. Crux I obtained admission to Mr. Bygrave's house, and I had some talk in private with Mr. Bygrave's wife. That talk supplied me with the means to convince you, which I had wanted to find for weeks and weeks past. I wrote you a letter to say so; I wrote to tell you that I would forfeit my place in your service, and my expectations from your generosity, if I did not prove to you when I came back from Switzerland that my own private suspicion of Miss Bygrave was the truth. I directed that letter to you at St. Crux, and I posted it myself. Now, Mr. Noel, read the paper which I have forced into your hand. It is Admiral Bartram's written affirmation that my letter came to St. Crux, and that he inclosed it to you, under cover to Mr. Bygrave, at your own request. Did Mr. Bygrave ever give you that letter? Don't agitate yourself, Sir! One word of reply will do—Yes? or No?"

He read the paper, and looked up at her with growing bewilderment and fear. She obstinately waited until he spoke. "No," he said, faintly; "I never got the letter."

"First proof!" said Mrs. Lecount, taking the paper from him and putting it back in the bag. "One more, with your kind permission, before we come to things more serious still. I gave you a written description, Sir, at Aldborough, of a person not named; and I asked you to compare it with Miss Bygrave the next time you were in her company. After having first shown the description to Mr. Bygrave—it is useless to deny it now, Mr. Noel, your friend at North



"IF YOU EVER LET HIM FAINT YOU LET HIM DIE."

Shingles is not here to help you!—after having first shown my note to Mr. Bygrave, you made the comparison, and you found it fail in the most important particular. There were two little moles placed close together on the left side of the neck, in my description of the unknown lady, and there were no little moles at all when you looked at Miss Bygrave's neck. I am old enough to be your mother, Mr. Noel. If the question is not indelicate, may I ask what the present state of your knowledge is on the subject of your wife's neck?"

She looked at him with a merciless steadiness. He drew back a few steps, cowering under her eye. "I can't say," he stammered; "I don't know. What do you mean by these questions? I never thought about the moles afterward; I never looked. She wears her hair low—"

"She has excellent reason to wear it low, Sir," remarked Mrs. Lecount. "We will try and lift that hair before we have done with the subject. When I came out here to find you in the garden, I saw a neat young person, through the kitchen window, with her work in her hand, who looked to my eyes like a lady's-maid. Is this young person your wife's maid? I beg your pardon, Sir, did you say yes? In that case, another question, if you please. Did you engage her, or did your wife?"

"I engaged her—"

"While I was away? While I was in total ignorance that you meant to have a wife, or a wife's maid?"

"Yes."

"Under those circumstances, Mr. Noel, you can not possibly suspect me of conspiring to deceive you, with the maid for my instrument. Go into the house, Sir, while I wait here. Ask the woman who dresses Mrs. Noel Vanstone's hair, morning and night, whether her mistress has a mark on the left side of her neck, and (if so) what that mark is?"

He walked a few steps toward the house without uttering a word—then stopped, and looked back at Mrs. Lecount. His blinking eyes were steady, and his wizen face had become suddenly composed. Mrs. Lecount advanced a little and joined him. She saw the change; but with all her experience of him she failed to interpret the true meaning of it.

"Are you in want of a pretense, Sir?" she asked. "Are you at a loss to account to your wife's maid for such a question as I wish you to put to her? Pretenses are easily found, which will do for persons in her station of life. Say I have come here with news of a legacy for Mrs. Noel Vanstone, and that there is a question of her identity to settle before she can receive the money."

She pointed to the house. He paid no attention to the sign. His face grew paler and paler. Without moving or speaking he stood and looked at her.

"Are you afraid?" asked Mrs. Lecount.

Those words roused him; those words lit a spark of the fire of manhood in him at last. He turned on her like a sheep on a dog.

"I won't be questioned and ordered!" he broke out, trembling violently under the new sensation of his own courage. "I won't be threatened and mystified any longer! How did you find me out at this place? What do you mean by coming here with your hints and your mysteries? What have you got to say against my wife?"

Mrs. Lecount composedly opened the traveling-bag and took out her smelling-bottle, in case of emergency.

"You have spoken to me in plain words," she said. "In plain words, Sir, you shall have your answer. Are you too angry to listen?"

Her looks and tones alarmed him, in spite of himself. His courage began to sink again; and, desperately as he tried to steady it, his voice trembled when he answered her.

"Give me my answer," he said, "and give it at once."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, Sir, to the letter," replied Mrs. Lecount. "I have come here with two objects. To open your eyes to your own situation; and to save your fortune—perhaps your life. Your situation is this: Miss Bygrave has married you, under a false character and a false name. Can you rouse your memory? Can you call to mind the disguised woman who threatened you in Vauxhall Walk? That woman—as certainly as I stand here—is now your wife."

He looked at her in breathless silence. His lips falling apart; his eyes fixed in vacant inquiry. The suddenness of the disclosure had overreached its own end. It had stupefied him.

"My wife?" he repeated—and burst into an imbecile laugh.

"Your wife!" reiterated Mrs. Lecount.

At the repetition of those two words the strain on his faculties relaxed. A thought dawned on him for the first time. His eyes fixed on her with a furtive alarm and he drew back hastily. "Mad!" he said to himself, with a sudden remembrance of what his friend Mr. Bygrave had told him at Aldborough, sharpened by his own sense of the haggard change that he saw in her face.

He spoke in a whisper, but Mrs. Lecount heard him. She was close at his side again in an instant. For the first time her self-possession failed her, and she caught him angrily by the arm.

"Will you put my madness to the proof, Sir?" she asked.

He shook off her hold; he began to gather courage again, in the intense sincerity of his disbelief—courage to face the assertion which she persisted in forcing on him.

"Yes," he answered. "What must I do?"

"Do what I told you," said Mrs. Lecount. "Ask the maid that question about her mistress on the spot. And if she tells you the mark is there, do one thing more. Take me up into your wife's room, and open her wardrobe in my presence with your own hands."

"What do you want with her wardrobe?" he asked.

"You shall know when you open it."

"Very strange!" he said to himself, vacantly. "It's like a scene in a novel—it's like nothing in real life."

He went slowly into the house, and Mrs. Lecount waited for him in the garden.

After an absence of a few minutes only he appeared again on the top of the flight of steps which led into the garden from the house. He held by the iron rail with one hand, while with the other he beckoned to Mrs. Lecount to join him on the steps.

"What does the maid say?" she asked, as she approached him. "Is the mark there?"

He answered in a whisper, "Yes." What he had heard from the maid had produced a marked change in him. The horror of the coming discovery had laid its paralyzing hold on his mind. He moved mechanically; he looked and spoke like a man in a dream.

"Will you take my arm, Sir?"

He shook his head; and, preceding her along the passage and up the stairs, led the way into his wife's room. When she joined him and locked the door he stood passively waiting for his directions, without making any remark, without showing any external appearance of surprise. He had not removed either his hat or coat. Mrs. Lecount took them off for him. "Thank you," he said, with the docility of a well-trained child. "It's like a scene in a novel—it's like nothing in real life."

The bedchamber was not very large, and the furniture was heavy and old-fashioned. But evidences of Magdalen's natural taste and refinement were visible every where in the little embellishments that graced and enlivened the aspect of the room. The perfume of dried rose-leaves hung fragrant on the cool air. Mrs. Lecount sniffed the perfume with a disparaging frown, and threw the window up to its full height. "Pah!" she said, with a shudder of virtuous disgust, "the atmosphere of deceit!"

She seated herself near the window. The wardrobe stood against the wall opposite, and the bed was at the side of the room on her right hand. "Open the wardrobe, Mr. Noel," she said. "I don't go near it, I touch nothing in it myself. Take out the dresses with your own hand, and put them on the bed. Take them out, one by one, until I tell you to stop."

He obeyed her. "I'll do it as well as I can," he said. "My hands are cold, and my head feels half asleep."

The dresses to be removed were not many, for Magdalen had taken some of them away with her. After he had put two dresses on the bed he was obliged to search in the inner recesses of the wardrobe before he could find a third. When he produced it, Mrs. Lecount made a sign to him to stop. The end was reached already—he had found the brown Alpaca dress.

"Lay it out on the bed, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "You will see a double flounce running round the bottom of it. Lift up the outer flounce, and pass the inner one through your fingers, inch by inch. If you come to a place where there is a morsel of the stuff missing, stop, and look at me."

He passed the flounce slowly through his fingers for a minute or more—then stopped and looked up. Mrs. Lecount produced her pocket-book and opened it.

"Every word I now speak, Sir, is of serious consequence to you and to me," she said. "Listen with your closest attention. When the woman calling herself Miss Garth came to see us in Vauxhall Walk, I knelt down behind the chair on which she was sitting and I cut a morsel of stuff from the dress she wore, which might help me to know that dress if I ever saw it again. I did this while the woman's whole attention was absorbed in talking to you. The morsel of stuff has been kept in my pocket-book from that time to this. See for yourself, Mr. Noel, if it fits the gap in that dress which your own hands have just taken from your wife's wardrobe.

She rose and handed him the fragment of stuff across the bed. He put it into the vacant space in the flounce as well as his trembling fingers would let him.

"Does it fit, Sir?" asked Mrs. Lecount.

The dress dropped from his hands, and the deadly bluish pallor—which every doctor who attended him had warned his housekeeper to dread—overspread his face slowly. Mrs. Lecount had not reckoned on such an answer to her question as she now saw in his cheeks. She hurried round to him, with the smelling-bottle in her hand. He dropped to his knees, and caught at her dress with the grasp of a drowning man. "Save me!" he gasped, in a hoarse, breathless whisper. "Oh, Lecount, save me!"

"I promise to save you," said Mrs. Lecount; "I am here with the means and the resolution to save you. Come away from this place—come nearer to the air." She raised him as she spoke, and led him across the room to the window. "Do you feel the chill pain again on your left side?" she asked, with the first signs of alarm that she had shown yet. "Has your wife got any eau de Cologne, any sal volatile in her room. Don't exhaust yourself by speaking—point to the place."

He pointed to a little triangular cupboard of old, worm-eaten walnut-wood, fixed high in a corner of the room. Mrs. Lecount tried the door—it was locked.

As she made that discovery she saw his head sink back gradually on the easy-chair in which she had placed him. The warning of the doctor in past years—"If you ever let him faint you let him die"—recurred to her memory as if it had been spoken the day before. She looked at the cupboard again. In a recess under it lay some ends of cord, placed there apparently for purposes of packing. Without an instant's hesitation she snatched up a morsel of cord, tied one end fast round the knob of the cupboard-door, and seizing the other end in both hands, pulled it suddenly with the exertion of her whole strength. The rotten wood gave way, the cupboard-doors flew open, and a heap of little trifles poured out noisily on the floor. Without stopping to notice the broken china and glass at her feet, she looked into the dark recesses of the cupboard, and saw the gleam of two glass bottles. One was put away at the extreme back of the shelf; the other was a little in advance, almost hiding it. She snatched them both out at once, and took them, one in each hand, to the window, where she could read their labels in the clearer light.

The bottle in her right hand was the first bottle she looked at. It was marked—*Sal volatile.*

She instantly laid the other bottle aside on the table without looking at it. The other bottle lay there waiting its turn. It held a dark liquid, and it was labeled—POISON.

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